

THE  
ROYALIST.  
A  
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at

The Duke's Theatre.

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By *Thomas Durfey*, Gent.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jos. Hindmarsh* at the Sign of the Black-  
Bull near the Royal-Exchange in *Cornhill*,  
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# THE PREFACE.

**I**N this Corrupted Age where Loyalty and Honesty are as frozen as Charity, and where timorous and unsettled Hearts are so irresolute and wavering, that they had rather side with Rebellion and Faction for the sake of Interest or fear of Particular disquietude, than give a generous Vote or Assistance to a Cause Noble and Honest, who can expect this Play, though written upon an excellent and never to be forgotten Theam, should meet a favourable Reception; when there are so few that feelingly remember the fatal Scene of Boscabell; and so many, who though they do, yet resolve rather to look on it as an Exigence of Fortune than the Effect of their own Villany: However to those few do I Dedicate this Comedy, grac't with His Majesties Royal Approbation and Presence, and second to none in Loyal Candor and Honesty, tho modesty excusing its Defects, when compar'd with some excellent Authors. And as the Moral Ancients, in the mid'st of all their Feasts and Luxurious Entertainments plac't a dead Man's Scull upon the Table to qualify their Joy, and give a Contemplative Reflection of their Mortality, so would I have every Impartial Royalist look on the first Act of this Play as a Memento of past, or as a Caveat of future Mischiefs and Diabolical Practices.

I have heard some Knights of the Geneva Order, otherwise dignified with the Titles of Viceroys to the new Elected Warpt Monarch of Poland, often muttering to this effect, That His Majesty having past his Royal Seal to the Writ of Oblivion, should not in Justice suffer his Licentious Subjects to upbraid or 'twit 'em with the Crimes or Treasons of their Friends and Ancestors; to which the King, according to his

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*accustomed Goodness and Clemency, answers, With all my heart. But says the good Subject, This Act of Oblivion is out of date and cancell'd, not only by the three years Expiration — but by their new repeated Associations and Treasons: Nor is it proper we should forget (though the King can) offences of that barbarous and unparalleld nature, but rather strive with our utmost vigilance and power to oppose and detect 'em.*

*But then starts up an Old Stanch Whigg, that perhaps was a little before Foreman of a Jury, and suppos'd to be more capable for that office, because he formerly headed the Rabble down to White-hall, to demand Justice against that Glorious Monarch and Father of his Country King CHARLES the first. I name no Body, for fear of Ten Thousand Pound Actions, but the Gentleman may be easily found out; for as a true bred Spaniel can know a Thief by the villainous scent he carrys, so can a true bred Royalist, a stigmatiz'd Rebel. But begging pardon for my digression, this Whigg (I say) just reeking from the Amsterdam Coffee-house, and fluster'd with Mundungus Tobacco, and the sower dregs of Coffee, to oblige the Company, and show a sample of his Parts, bawls out, Popery — Popery — down with it — Cut it off Root and Branch! Popery — Powder-Plot, Godfrey, King Killing in jest — and the Devil and all. To which a knavish Daw that sat Pearcht upon a bundle of Loyal Observators in the Window, answers in the same dialect, Presbytery, Treason, Solemn League and Covenant, Association, Remonstrance, Votes of Common Council, and King Killing in earnest, abhor it, kaw kaw, down with it I say: Thus my Speech-maker is husht, and the business done for that time — I speak this only by the way of Courant, a certain extraordinary manner of writing, which an Ale and Brandy Author about Town here is every week very famous for.*

*A Phanatick is a Miscellanie of Mischiefe, and has like a Hound a Clog about his Neck, or else he would be perpetually running up and down, and invading every ones Right and Prerogative; First, he has no Justice but what is forc't upon him, for the sake of the Cause (as he calls it) and his own sham Opinion: Secondly, no Temperance or Chastity, unless at home with his wife and Family: Thirdly, I am sure he has no Religion, because in that Text of Scripture, viz. Fear God and honour the King, he had rather renounce the first, than by complying with the last bugbear words offend his tender Conscience.*

*This*



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*This some call a Whigg Anatomiz'd, but I call it rather a Whigg Bottomiz'd, where the Cabinet is unlockt, and the Trumpery laid open; and in that Point I am sure your Papist and Phanatick have an entire Union and agree to a hair, I mean as to the Trumpery: For as in the first, we have Cowls, Hoods, Rags, Reliques, Beads, Indulgences, Dispensations, Pardons, Bulls and the like; so in the last, they make use of fly sneering demure Faces, picked Beards, little plain Bands, short bobtail'd Cloaks, with high and mighty Capes, Petitions, Libels, Raree shows, Hatfield Maids, lying Intelligences, and a number more, which they call their Engins of Democrcay, and very properly too, for since they are out of love with Monarchy, and cannot dispence with lawful Inheritance, Prerogative, Right, Justice, or any Priviledge, unless it be their own, to set up a sort of Government, where the Magistrate is chosen from out and by the People, what better Engins could they possibly make use of than those before recited?*

*And, to say truth, these Common-wealth-Mongers have for some years lately past had a blessed time on't, their Arms and Hands that must do this mighty and Soul-saving work (I mean the Mobile) have been a long time ripe for Mischief, and when Ease, Luxury, and Idleness prompt their Flagitious and unthinking Souls to Villany, 'tis not my honest friend in the long black Canonical Cassock, for all his Morals of Humanity, Loyalty or Religion, that can divert or appease 'em.*

*Here ye shall see a Butcher, a great Common-wealths Man, bloated with Brewis, and fatned with the grease of his own Tripes, railing against the Succession, and swearing bloodily by all the Oxen, Calves, Hogs, Sheep and Lambs in his slaughter house, the Duke shall never come to the Crown, vows he will fight for the Establisht Religion till he is slic't into Cutlets, yet bid him make Confession of his faith, and 'tis ten to one he mistakes the Lords Prayer for the Creed. In another place you shall hear a Taylor, sitting Cross-leg'd upon his Shopboard, railing at the Government with great animosity and fury, for not calling a Parliament, and protesting by his Sheers, Bodkin and Thimble, thit he will make one in the next Petition; and that he is resolv'd not to permit Religion and Property to be traml'd under foot; yet ask him how many Commandments there are, and 'tis an even wager he remembers only Nine, being very willing to leave out the Eighth, because it tells him he shall not Steal.*

*Such*

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*Such as these it seems are to be the Reformers of the Nation, and when Ignorance and Barbarity sit at the Helm, and give Laws and Orders, all must needs imagine the Poets will have a hopeful Time on't: But that Card is not yet plaid, nor by the leave of my good Republicans, I am of opinion never will, though I cannot but imagin, their best endeavours are never wanting to play the best of the Game, and make what advantage they can of the present disturbances: But the famous black Gentleman, with the Square Chin having lost his Friend and dear Brother Jurator, has produc't so few Miracles lately, that the Cause begins extreamly to flag, and very little or nothing has happened that's worth the believing; but we doubt not, but like a subtle Fencer he lies cunningly upon his guard, and watches an opportunity to snap, like a Mastive for a pudding in the dark; besides, we know that he's as sly and inveterate as wrong'd Women are, and in some points agrees exactly with their humours; for as they are bitter and revengeful, so is he — and I am sure as mad for a Parliament as the worst of 'em.*

*Things going thus, this Play must needs be in a fine condition, yet I have this hope that the Royalists, for whom it was writ, will accept and defend it, and then tho the wasps swarm round the hive, I shall not fear but the Loyal Bees will keep their Station; for my own part, I am careless of my future fortune in it, since I have already so well succeeded. — And therefore leave it to the wide and censorious World, to seek its fortune; which if good, I shall be glad; if not, it has but the common fate: And therefore I have the greater reason to have patience.*

Vale.



# The Prologue.

**H**ow ! the House full ! and at a *Loyal Play* !  
That's strange ! I never hop'd to see this day.  
But sure this must some change of State fore-tell ;  
And th' Pit ( methinks ) looks like a *Commonweal* ;  
Where Monarch Wit's bass'd by ev'ry Drudge,  
And each pert Rayling *Brumigham's* a Judge.  
But know, ye Criticks of unequal'd Pride,  
The Dice now give kind chances on our side ; }  
*Tories* are upmost, and the *Whigs* defy'd. }  
Your *Faction's Furies* and *Associations* }  
Must never think to ruine twice, Three Nations ; }  
No, there's one above you has too long had Patience. }  
Changing of sides is now not counted strange ;  
Some for *Religion*, some for *Faction* change :  
And ( lest Examples should be too remote, ) }  
A *Rev'rend Clergy-man* of famous note }  
Hath chang'd his *Cassock* for a *Campaign-Coat* ; }  
Amongst the Saints doth now devoutly *Stickle*,  
And holy *Bag-pipe* squeaks in *Conventicle*.  
Another sort there are that rore and rant ;  
Are *Loyal* ; but all other Vertues want :  
Ask their Religion, they cry, *What a Pox*,  
*Damn me ye Dog*, *I'm staunch*, *I'm Orthodox*.  
These are as bad as t'other ev'ry way,  
And much unlike my part I act to day ;  
A *Royalist* by *Nature*, not by *Art*,  
That loves his Prince and Countrey at his Heart ;  
*Addresses* loves, to all Mankind is civil ;  
But hates *Petitions* as he hates the Devil ;  
Perfect in Honour, constant to his Friend ;  
And only hath one fault, he's wondrous kind.  
Yet who here would refuse a kind Intrigue ;  
Faith none ; who does it is a Ridgling *Whig*.  
This is his Character, and is't not pity  
But such as he bore Office in the City ?  
How would all honest Hearts their Fates esteem,  
Were all our *Common-Council-men* like him ?  
How glad to be preserv'd from *Faction's Furies*,  
If such as he was Fore-man of the *Juries* ?  
That point once gain'd, Sedition would want force,  
Then equal Justice take it's proper Course ;  
To hang up those for an Exemplar show,  
That have deserv'd it Twenty years ago.

Actors

# Actors Names.

Sir Charles Kinglove,	{ The Royalist, one of the King's Colonels at Wor- cester-Fight, a Lover of Monarchy and Preroga- tive,	Mr. Smith.
Heartall,	His Friend, a Moderator,	Mr. Williams.
Broom,	His Lieutenant,	Mr. Bowman.
Sir Oliver Oldcut,	{ Chairman to the Com- mittee of Sequestrati- ons, a busie Factious fellow,	Mr. Lee.
Sir Paul Eitherside,	{ A Justice of Peace, and Orator that takes Bribes on both sides,	Mr. Jevan.
Captain Jonas,	{ A Seditious Rascal that disturbs the People with News and Lyes, to Pro- mote his own Interest,	Mr. Persuval.
Copyhold, Slouch,	{ Two of Sir Charles's Te- nants, afterwards made Evidences against him,	Mr. Underhill. & Mr. Bright.
Sir John Zounds, Sir Peter Codshead, Alderman Thrum — Com- Dish,	Clark to Oldcut.	[mittee Men.
	Captain, Soldiers, Tenants and Servants, Men and Women.	
Camilla,	{ Wife to Oldcut, Vertu- ous, and secretly Loyal,	Mrs. Betterton.
Aurelia,	Her Niece,	Mrs. Twyford.
Philipa,	{ A young Lady that fol- lows Kinglove in Mens Cloths through all his troubles,	Mrs. Petty.
Crape,	Woman to Camilla.	
	Footmen and Attendants.	

SCENES, BOSCABELL and LONDON.



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## ACT. I. SCENE I.

*Discovers a Common-field near Boscobel, the Royal Oak standing in the middle of it paled in. Copyhold, Slouch, and one or two of Kinglove's Tenants standing about it.*

*Copyh.* **S** Ad times ! sad times ! neighbour *Slouch*.

*Slouch.* Well, well, when 'tis at worst, 'twill mend, neighbor; as the saying is : For my part, my heart shall never zink 'till the Spring's dry, and my good Landlords Ale-Tubs out.

*1. Ten.* Ay, he s a brave man, God shield him. But Neighbour I can tell you there's parlous news come down last night. They say the great Volk at London-Town will have him to *Coram Fobus* for lending the Cavaliers mony.

*2. Ten.* Ay, and for stowing two of 'em up the Chimney, when the house was searcht, and swearing they were only Flitches of bacon.

*Copyh.* He had best take care of himself, for that *Coram Fobis* is a plaguy place, I can tell him that ; if they once get him into *Coram Fobis*, I promise 'twill go hard with him.

*Slouch.* With reverence t'ee Neighbours — I had rather ye were all fairly hang'd, I deal plainly with ye.

*2. Ten.* Why troth, *Timothy*, when he leaves us — I belcive 'a good strong cartrope will be no false *Latin* to the best of us.

*1. Ten.* Ich have liv'd man and boy cham sure this five and vifty years, yet never zee such doings : Why nothing is currant now but zwaggering and tearing and fighting and roaring.

*Copyh.* And stealing Neighbour. You may put in that too —

*1. Ten.* Stealing, why that's the business of the nation. The Roundhead party make a Trade on't : The other-side I confes have some conscience in their Dealings.

*Copyh.* Ay tis true, they have Conscience as you say, Neighbour, and yet two of 'em made a little bold with it this morning.

*1. Ten.* Stole nothing I hope Neighbour ?

*Copyh.* Only

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*Copyh.* Only a couple of Cheeses, Neighbour, and a piece of Brawn, my wife had sav'd against her Crying-out.

1. *Ten.* Alack the day. Some *Welch* Officers I warrant, that were stinted in diet. But, Neighbours, methinks *Sir Charles* stays long this morning. He s'd to be at the *Oak* an hour before this!

*Copyh.* Neighbour *Bulfinch*, ever while you live speak proper. You are not now to call this only the *Oak*, but the *Royal Oak*, d'e see!

1. *Ten.* Umph, the *Royal Oak* Neighbour *Cop*?

2. *Ten.* Yesfool: And because 'tis a Tree of honour, you see our brave and Loyal Landlord *Sir Charles* has pal'd it in, and ordered us to come three times a week, and kneeling at the Foot of the *Royal Oak* to drink the Kings Health.

1. *Ten.* Right Neighbour, he has so indeed.—But hold you, who comes here?—who's this?

*Copyh.* Let it be who it will—stand your ground all.

*Enter Philippa in mens Clothes.*

*Phil.* Contemn'd by *Fortune*, and by *Love* oppress'd!  
Was ever wretched maid like me distress'd?  
Forc't by wild *Passion* to commit a fault  
Against my sex, my Honour, and my Birth:  
Would I had dy'd within my Nurses armes,  
Or in my Infant Cradle found a Tomb!  
Then had I never seen this dear-lov'd Man,  
Nor known the miseries that now pursue me!  
But 'tis too late to wish— for hi Im have lost my friends;  
For him, my self; for him, a flourishing *Fortune*;  
And in this strange *Disguise*, at which I blush,  
Have follow'd him in these *Tempestuous Times*,  
And equally embrac'd his Fate. 'Tis true, I have his friendship,  
And cover'd in this shape his Company—

But to my heart this can no *Cordial* prove,  
Whilst his is *friendship*; and whilst mine is *Love*.

*Copyh.* Be at peace now, and hold you contented—Let me alone with 'un.

*Phil.* Good morrow t'e my friends!

2. & 3. *Ten.* Good morrow, good morrow!

*Copyh.* Good morrow to you friend!

*Phil.* Do you expect *Sir Charles*, the good *Collonel* there this Morning?

*Copyh.* Why look you friend! to speak like a *Schollard*, as they call it, no good can be expected but in good, mark ye me. And therefore in this vile world of lucky *Knaves* and wicked *Fools*, I think 'tis unreasonable to expect the good *Collonel*.

3. *Ten.* Ha, ha, ha,—by *Coxbones* Neighbour *Cop* will hold him tack,  
I can tell him that.

*Phil.* That's



*Phil.* That's true indeed. 'Tis very incongruous for a good and wise man to herd with knaves and fools, but sure here are no such, I dare affirm all hereto be very honest fellows.

*Copyh.* Before your Worship came amongst us we could have taken one anothers word; but now the case may be alter'd.

*Phil.* Why so?

*Copyh.* Because you are as much too fine to be honest, as we are too poor to be fine.

*Phil.* Does Honesty consist then in the Clothes?

*Copyh.* No, but the Clothes of most of you Courtiers consist upon your honesty.

*Phil.* But is that Currant, will that pass friend?

*Copyh.* It must pass, or nothing, amongst a great many of ye.

*Phil.* A bitter fellow—I have often seen the picture of Honesty painted with a sober Sheeps look, just like one of yours, and wearing a plain gray Coat. Prithee canst thou tell me the meaning of that?

*Copyh.* Oh very easily—humh; why look you as to the sheep, that I believe was design'd a Bob for you Court-mutton-Eaters: but the sober wise look deciphers that honesty has no pride; and then by the plain suit is infallibly demonstrated, that honesty never runs in debt, but always pays his Taylor.

1. & 2. *Ten.* Hey—well said Cop, well said Neighbour Cop—

3. *Ten.* Peace, peace Hoa! Sir Charles is coming.

*Phil.* 'Tis he indeed!—I feel my panting heart knows that the Centre of its Joy is near.

*Enter Sir Charles Kinglove, Ned Heartall, Footmen, &c.*

1. *Ten.* Good morrow to your Worship!

2. *Ten.* I hope your Honour's well.

3. *Ten.* Heaven blefs you noble Collonel.—

*Sir Charl.* Good morning to you all. And thou great son of Earth,  
Thou tall and spreading Monarch of the plain, [Turning to the Oak,  
That from the Barb'rous rage of Regicides,  
The swords of Bloody Rebels, impious Villaines,  
Within thy sacred Body didst conceal  
At once the precious Soul of three great Kingdoms,  
Thus bowing low—Hail to thy reverend shade,  
Mayst thou for ever flourish, ne're decay,  
Nor never may the Winter storms annoy thee;  
But young and Towing be thy verdant head,  
And be thy root fixt and Immoveable:  
Upon thee let no feather'd Traytor perch,  
Ravens and Dawes, the Emblems of the Times:  
Harbor the Thrush that sings of Loyalty,  
And Rebell Birds of prey shake from thy Branches.

Some Wine there I fill round and begin *Cesar's* Health with a Huzza—  
*Heart*. Why merry be thy heart friend. I see I have not lost all my  
 labour—I have heard a good speech for my pains.

*Sir Charl*. The meer effects of my zeal *Ned*. Thou art sure nothing can  
 make me an Orator but Loyalty and the Royal Cause. [ *all drink*,

*Slouch*. An't please your Worship may we not drink the Kings Health  
 now we have had Mr. *Cesars*.

*Sir Charl*. *Cesar* is the King, Sirra! you have had it already.

*Slouch*. Is it so an't please you?

*Coppyb*. Is it so? why dost not thou know that *Cesar* is *Latin* for King,  
 Fool: Ah go thy ways, sbud I would not be such a dunce for 50 pound.

*Sir Charl*. Ha, ha, ha, what thinkest thou *Ned*, is not Ignorance a staple  
 Commodity here i'th' Country?—

*Heart*. As the posture of our affairs stand we have reason to believe other-  
 wise; for in this age the most ignorant have wit enough to be rogues, and  
 get estates from those that are wiser.

*Sir Charl*. Ay, those are the saints of Reformation, the Rebell sneaking,  
 yea forsooth *Achitophel's* Tribe, villains that will have a greater fire in Hell  
 than the rich Glutton has, and their Tongues be hotter. What sayst thou  
 my kind partner of Fortune, will they not, hah!

*Phil*. I hope so, Sir.

*Sir Charl*. I know thou dost my best, my dearest friend.

*Phil*. What e're you wish, you may be sure I do.

*Sir Charl*. Nay that's too much. *Ned*, dost thou see this youth,  
 This tender smooth-skin'd Twig of Loyalty,  
 In whom fierce *Mars*, and Beautiful *Adonis*  
 Joyn to compleat an excellence. This youth,  
 When we were most engag'd at *Worcester*-fight,  
 And I revenging my great masters Fate  
 With all the fury Courage could Inspire  
 And loyalty give pow'r to; this brave youth,  
 Though twice unhors'd i'th' Crowd, still follow'd me:  
 'Tis strange, he wink't and fought, yet still came on,  
 As at the first; at last his spirits fainting,  
 Bifring his eyes to heaven and to me,  
 He cry'd, Take dearest Sir, my last embrace,  
 And then I shall dy pleas'd.

*Heart*. Kind noble youth.

*Sir Charl*. Something more he would have said, which seem'd of mo-  
 ment—but speech was lost, and I with careful pains convey'd him thence,  
 then got his wounds well cur'd; and now I hold him here.

*Phil*. And here, Heav'n knows, only I wish to be.

*Enter*



*Enter a Footman.*

*Footm.* Sir, Capt. *March*, and Lieutenant *Hazard*, present their humble service to you, and bid me tell you, they should be very glad to drink your health this morning.

*Sir Char.* I understand 'em well. Good Heaven! to what strange Acts necessity compels us: These two I have observ'd famous for Vertue, for Honesty and Loyal Valour honour'd: Two that had rather give their Patrimonies to grateful merit, than to know the shame of asking, though in their extreamest Fortunes. Yet see how want, the mould of humane Fate, stamps us for lowest Deeds, when e're he pleases. Sirrah, Bid my Steward give 'em 40 Pieces, and be you sure that they have Wine enough; see that they want not any thing I have; and tell 'em I begun our Royal Master's Health.

[*All Drink.*

1. & 2. *Ten.* Huzza! Come Neighbours, now the Dance, the Dance.

[*They dance.*

*Coph.* And now another Glas; Come, and remember *Mandlin* the Millers Daughter by the by.—

*Slouch.* With all our Hearts! come—

[*Drink.*

*Heart.* Sir, My service to you: Confusion to the King's Enemies.

*Phil.* I'll pledge you Sir! but cannot drink so much.

*Heart.* Not drink so much; nay, then I must suspect thee: Drink, or thou will be Damn'd; that's my Position; I hear thou canst fight.

*Phil.* A little, Sir.

*Heart.* A little Sir! and gad I never knew but those that could fight but little Sir, could drink a great deal Sir: Dost thou know the three great qualities of a Town-Spark?

*Phil.* No!

*Heart.* I thought so: Observe then, First, thou art always to speak truth, unless amongst the Faction: for there the Province is dissimulation. 2ly, Thou art never to refuse thy Glas: Nor 3ly, thy Whore. Thy Whore, my Lad. Now which wilt thou embrace? for two of these three thou must.

*Phil.* Well Sir, if I must, the first and last best suit my temper.

*Heart.* What speaking Truth, and Whoring? Well said true heart, I see the great business of Generation will go forward however. A Whore Sir *Charles* will stick fast to our party whatever Vice fails.

*Phil.* Aye Sir! Wou'd I had your Mistress to make tryal of, with all her Dyings, Languishings, and Graces: gad if I had, I'd pepper her.

*Sir Charles.* Ha, ha, ha! well said my little *Ganymed*.

*Heart.* Nay, you have reason to be fond of him, if this be not a Slip of your own Grafting I am mistaken: I fancy he's like you.—He looks as if he were begot in the Riot of Appetite. The Youth may come to preferment in time; for to my knowledg there's many a Noble Peer in this Country would give 100 Guineys for such a Page.

Sir

*Sir Char.* Let 'em be damn'd; I love him for his Virtues, besides another reason. There was a Lady, *Ned*, young as the blushing morn, as beautiful, an Heiress too, and wealthy in Possessions, so like this youth,—only a finer mould,—that you could scarce distinguish one from rother, that lov'd me to distraction.

*Phil.* Oh Heav'n! How shall I hide my Blu'hes. [*Aside.*

*Heart.* Very well Sir. I hope you were an able Physician to cure her! — Oh there's nothing like madness in an Amour; for, as in such a Condition a man has twice more strength than he us'd to have, so a Woman has twice more love; and I suppose you were very grateful to her.

*Sir Char.* No: Thou wilt wonder at my Resolution; She was the Daughter of a cursed Traytor, A Rogue that sat upon the sacred life of Majesty, Doom'd so much Royal Virtue, In the rich Blood of that Immortal Prince, The Nation has been barren ever since; She being his blood I hated and contemn'd her, And sacrific'd my Love to Loyalty.

*Heart.* And was she handsome?

*Sir Char.* So pretty, she was thought a Miracle; She had a Body tram'd for excess of pleasure, So plump, so white, so full of melting Youth—

*Heart.* 'Sdeath it makes me mad to hear it.

*Sir Char.* An Eye that influenc'd all Souls with passion, And on her Cheek sat modest temperance, Whose blushes seem'd the Guardian to her Beauty: She had a skin—

*Heart.* A plague, if you tell me all she had, I shall expire. Such another Description, and I am no man of this world! And couldst thou leave her? oh thou confounded loyal Dog. Gad if it had been my case, I should have begg'd his Majesties Pardon; I should have had another Monarch to obey at that time? Ha! what sayst thou my young Apostle of the small Tribe?

*Phil.* Why faith, as you say Captain, I should have ask'd her a Question or so, that's the truth on't: A Roundhead's Daughter might have got a Cavalier, that might have liv'd to take his Grandfather by the Beard.

*Heart.* Aye, and so have brought Loyalty again into the Right Line.

*Phil.* Now am I forc'd to eccho his lewd sayings, lest silence and my blushing should betray me. [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* No! I made a Royal Conquest o're my Passions!

*Phil.* Oh I shall faint. [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* But come! no more of this. Let us be merry! For Heaven knows how soon it may have end. See, *Ned*, if yonder Bumkin be no got drunk, Now we shall have good sport with him. Well Sirrah, what think you of the world to come now—hab!

Copyb. Nay,



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*Copyh.* Nay, but hold you, honest Landlord, in the first place, Is the world to come a Kingdom or a Common-wealth?

*Sir Char.* Heaven is a Kingdom, Sirrah?

*Copyh.* Is it? Why then I find the Devil is like to have a Bargain of me.

*Sir Char.* How Sirrah!

*Copyh.* Nay, Looke Landlord, Kingdoms are so tottering in these times, that gadzooks I am for the secure place, be it good or bad.

*Sir Char.* Why Rogue, is Hell a secure place?

*Copyh.* Aye, if it be a Commonwealth; for there if one Devil be your Enemy, another may be your Friend, so that you need not trust your business with a Court-Favorite, that shall promise you fairly to show his breeding, and cheat you damnably to show his Wit.

*Slouch.* There Boy. Oh brave Cop—

*Sir Char.* Why Sirrah! Thou drunken Tost, Thou dirty Root, Thou Radish! how durst thou talk of Courts, and Favourites! look to your Plough, you Dog, and to your Wife: See that her Shoes be clean, and mend her Stockings: But, Sirrah, no more of this, lest thou art damn'd; for remember I have given you fair warning.

*Copyh.* Damn'd! what and have the Religion to be Drunk? Do not I know that Damnation has no power o're a man when his Soul swims in liquor. If I were sober, 'tis true I might be in danger; but drunk, Uds-bores! I defy the Devil and all his Rump-Parliament!

*Heart.* There's nothing tries an unsound Intellect like Wine; for if you observe, your Rogue of Interest then will certainly betray himself.

*Sir Char.* I have observ'd it.

*Heartali Sings.*

*'Tis not the Silver nor gold for it self,  
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its Power.*

*Sir Char.* Thy singing has put me in mind of a Song was given me this morning, a thing very well humour'd, and most excellently set; and here I think comes the Lieutenant opportunely to sing it.

*Enter Lieutenant Broome.*

*Broom.* Oh Collonel! Y'are undone!

*Sir Charl.* No matter, Sir, sing me that Song I gave you lately!

*Broom* Lord Sir sing! why I have the saddest news to tell you—

*Sir Charl.* No matter I say. Let me have the song, for nothing will I hear till that be ended.

*Broom.* Death how d'e think, I can have the heart to sing when—

*Sir Charl.* Do't or by heav'n I'll spoil thy tuning hereafter—Come on—

*Broom.* Was ever such a humour. I must obey him.

Song

## The ROYALIST.

## S O N G.

**T**He great Augustus, like the glorious Sun,  
 Long on the Rabble Weeds with Splendor Shon;  
 Yet all the fruits of his bright influence  
 Was an ill Odour, Nauseous to the sense;  
 Long slighted they his grace and Love,  
 His mercy made them Rebels prou;  
 Nor would they be kept under,  
 Like the rude Antients, that affronted Jove,  
 Because they never felt his lightning or his Thunder.

## C H O R U S.

Then let 'em be Confounded, Confounded, Confounded;  
 And so may every Roundhead  
 That stands not up for King and Laws;  
 And so may every Roundhead be wretched and Confounded,  
 That dares, that dares defend the good old Cause.

Sir Charl. Now Ned. what think'st thou?

Heart. 'Tis very well in the kind indeed Sir.

Sir Charl. Now Sir to your story, why what's the matter?

Broom. The matter! why Sir, your Estate is sequestre'd, and your house  
 and goods seiz'd upon.

Sir Charl. By whom, Sir,

Broom. By Sir Oliver Oldcut, Chairman to the Committee of Sequestra-  
 tions, and there is with him one Justice *Eitherside*, a wicked Limb of the  
 Law, a Dam'd Orator, who has got more fees for bawling than others for  
 speaking sense, and they are attended with a whole Regiment of  
 Redcoats Now Sir who shall sing now?

Sir Charl. Why thou inconsiderable Limb of the War, that will I like  
 an April Nightingal,

Sings—*Apox on all Traitors and private Caballs,  
 Confound all their Plots and Designs.*

Slouch. How now sequestred—By th' mafs then 'tis time to look to our  
 selves Neighbours.

Copyb. Here's Monarchy for you now, this comes for standing so stiffly  
 for Monarchy! Ownds! I am for a Commonwealth.

Sir Charl. Why ye villain! such another word and I'll make more holes  
 in your guts than are in thy tatter'd Doublet.

Heart. Damn 'em are they so sly, and suddain in their Executions—all  
 seiz'd on?

Broom. All Sir.

Sir Charl. Why farewell Acres! I hope my honourable Committee Rascall  
 has consign'd me a Tersc of my Claret, that I may drink my Royal Masters  
 health at parting.

Broom. Not



*Broom.* Not a drop Sir.

*Sir Charl.* That's somewhat hard, well, water shall suffice then, the unsophisticated purling brook, from whom I'll drink large Brimmers every morning thank Nature and defy adversity.

*Phil.* Oh noble temper! see yonder Sir, they come, fly Sir or I fear you'll be imprison'd?

*Sir Charl.* Then shall I have more leisure to contemplate. Let 'em come on, I'll stand it to the last.

*Heart.* Let the worst happen I have a friend at London will soon clear us My Mistress is a secure Card, I am sure of a Trump to win for me. — [Aside.

Come Gentlemen - let's have a little skirmish for't however—we'll scorn to be taken basely. — [Draws.

*Enter Oldcut, Justice Eitherside, Dash, Soldiers for their Guard.*

*Oldcut.* But three teirce of Claret and but one little Runlet of Sack to all that Beef and Mutton. 'Tis very strange, hum—Lawyer! is't not?

*Eithers.* Ay, 'tis strange, but these Cavaliers are such damnable soakers, one of them shall make nothing of five Gallons for his mornings draught. I was inform'd of a Dozen Barrels, besides a Cask of Tent that stood up in a Corner.

*Oldcut.* Tent! ay, where the Divel is that Tent too? if we could have but found that we had done something; 'twould have been like the very marrow and heart-blood of the cause—but to find none at last, nay but one little Runlet of Sack neither.

*Dash.* So please you this is the punctual place, and there amongst his Tenants standeth the sequestred Knight.

*Oldcut.* Ha! swords drawn too. Sir, Sir—how dare you—with what face I say dare you—but hold—are we strong enough—are the Redcoats come up! come up Redcoats and be damn'd. How dare you Sir brandish a Sword in the very face and front of Authority, ha—knowest thou not who I am O man!

*Sir Charl.* Yes. Thou art one of the Dirty Cubs of Reformation, and has lickt thy self into more deformity than any Brute can possibly Imitate; as to thy honourable extraction, thy Mother, if my Memory fail me not, sold Turnips.

*Eithers.* That's a ly; to my knowledge she sold Apples.

*Oldcut.* Well she did so, what then, the Woman was frugal, and what then? come, what was my father? what was he.

*Sir Charl.* Why, he I think aspir'd to be a Corporal in the low Countryes.

*Oldcut.* A Corporal! by the Lord a Collonel, and as brave a fellow as ever carry'd a musket.

*Heart.* A Musket! oh, a worthy Officer indeed.

*Sir Charl.* As to thy self, by clandestine Rapine, Plebeian Tally-mans Extortion, and cheating the Subject, thou art called Rich and Eminent in the Divels name: Yet in thy Soul so poor, that thy Bounty wou'd starve a mouse, did

not Bribe-pies now and then contribute to its maintenance. I remember when thou wer't elected Sheriff of *Worcester*, thou ne'r would'st Dine beyond a Ninepeny Ordinary. Thy stately lodging was an unhang'd Garter, 'mongst Rats and Mice, close in an old blind Ally, butting and bounding on Ale-houses and staples.

*Oldcut.* Can my honour bear this? no it cannot. Seize him fellows.

*Either.* Now as I am a Justice I shou'd say keep the peace. But as I am an O. ator and a Lawyer I say knock him down.

*Copyh.* Oh well faught *Monarchy*, bravely done *Monarchy*.

{ Fight here. The Tenants turn to Oldcuts party and Kinglove is disarm'd.

*Sir Charl.* O fordid Dogs. The Snakes that I have warm'd are now the first that sting me.

*Phil.* Damn'd souless villains! ya're not hurt I hope?

*Oldcut.* So now lay his crime before him? give him a speech—*Sir Paul* confound him with thy *Rhetorick*.

*Either.* Hem, hem. It is I confess wonderful to me, and I believe no less admirable to all here, that the sagacity, or to speak vulgarly the wisdom of man should desert him at his greatest need: Art thou mad, oh thou inconsiderable Animal! art thou infatuated, as the Schoolmen have it, to lift thy fist against the mighty Elephant the Commonwealth, and have thy braines beaten out by its *Naso* or *Proboscys*—hoh, what I all I say, or indeed what can I not say? well—I will say no more till I have time and place, and so bring him away, sirs.

*Omnes* Huzza.

*Sir Charl.* Lead on! I have yet left a Cask of Tent to comfort me by the way.

*Oldcut.* Ask him where *Sir Paul*? ask him where? and you that are his Tenants petition to my honour, and Ile consider ye.

[*Ex. all but Kinglove, Heart. Phil. and Guar.*

*Sir Charl.* 'Tis base in any man to rail at Fortune,  
Since she's a Goddess whose Divinity  
Instructs the wanton Clay to know it self;  
No (if Adder like I dip my tongue in Venom,  
It shall be against the Enemies of my Prince,  
The trembling pale curst Traitors of the Times:  
The Plots of Foreign Foes, good Heaven reveal,  
Free us from the Mischiefs' of a Common-weal.  
Let the great Senate Peace and Union sing,  
And to compleat our Joys long live the King.

[*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACT-



ACT. II.

Enter Camilla, Aurelia, Crape.

Camilla. **Y**OU have seen this *Royalist* then Cousin?

*Ann.* Yes, and observ'd your eyes, Madam, and the lustre that adorn'd your face when you beheld his gracefull Carriage, and heard him refuse to compound for his Estate.

*Cam.* 'Tis impossible I could grace my self with a languishing Air like what you put on to oblige Mr. *Heartal*, Cousin: I hear you have got his freedom of Sir *Oliver*, and methinks it is but reason that I shou'd do the same for the stranger.

*Aur.* But what if he shou'd not accept it, when 'tis done; for I hear he's a man of a strange nice critical humour, and scornsto be oblig'd to a Woman; no, though 'twere for her Maiden head.

*Cam.* I know not that, but one that looks in his face would imagine he valued a Maiden-head at a greater rate than you speak of: If he balk his Bottle or his Mistress I'm mistaken—ah—there's nothing like a *Royalist* at a fair Lady.

*Aur.* No, for like a Bee he is perpetually Buzzing about, and sucking every flower he comes near, till at last with tired Wings, and laden Thighs, he returns home to his Winter-quarters, humming a melancholy complaint for his no better success in his Rambles.

*Cam.* Let him ramble: I know he has too much honour to wrong in any point a kind young Lady that lov'd him—besides, I am clearly for liberty in Love; your dull low spirited constant Couple are like two Chickens in a Coop, they are always either sleeping or pecking at one another.

*Aur.* Liberty; why 'tis like Air to a flame, Life wou'd soon extinguish without it. But to be Marry'd, in my sence, is the best of Liberty! oh heav'n! Marriage is a heavenly thing sincerely.

*Cam.* I would thou had'st my Husband to try!

*Aur.* Nay, there I must beg your pardon. Your Politician is the worst at Love-matters of any: He is selling the Nation abroad, when he should be tling his self at home with his Wife; and I must confess, I wou'd not willingly marry a Lump, a Stone, a Log; I would not have a Husband like a School-boys Top, that should go no longer than just I was a whipping him on.

*Cam.* Ah! Curse on that fatal Command that made the unlucky scourge to such a Top: I know I was design'd for nobler Fortune: But see the Engine comes, and the whole nest of Insects. *Crape* go you to Sir *Charles's* Apartment, present my service and tell him I design to visit him—be secret: awa, .

[Exit Crape.

Enter

*Enter Sir Oliver Oldcut in Boots, and Either side, with Three Committee-men; Footman with Lights.*

*Old.* Not compound!—Gad—I am glad on't—I am glad on't, faith: The more stubborn he grows, the richer grow I: Oh soul, wife, are you there? (how d'e Cousin *Aurelia*?) Harke'e Soul! Dear heart! you must wipe your mouth, and prepare to salute these Privy Members of the honourable Committee, at parting—Smack 'em hartily d'e hear,—'tis cheap enough: yelittle Buttock, I tell you more anon—soul, that is Mr. Alderman *Thrum*—Mr. Alderman! pray make use of my wife. And you Sir *Peter Codshead*. Sir *Timothy* you! and my particular good Friend and Patron Sir *John Zownds*; 'sbud, I must have you more familiar with her.

*Sir John Zow.* I shall be too bold Sir *Oliver*.

*Oldcut.* Bold! peugh—to her Sir *John*! lick her over the lips and kiss her agen if thou wilt boy—she is fine tender flesh—so—very well; and now I wish your Honours good rest, with my unfeign'd thanks for this dayes favour. Sirra, light before there—I'll wait upon your Honours down.

*A. Thrum.* By no means good Mr. Chairman! you have your Boots—on

*Old.* Good Mr. Alderman, 'tis my duty; faith I must.

[*Exeunt all but Canill'a,*  
[*Aur. Either side.*

*Either.* But you must know that Law, Madam, is the very Sheers, as it were the Cizzers of Love, and it is altogether impossible for a man to be a good Pleader and a Lover at the same time, Ah—had I not been a profound Lawyer, I had positively made the most compleat Amorist in the whole world.

*Cam.* Is it not natural to you to be dull now and then Sir *Paul*?

*Either.* Why yes truly! 'tis natural for us to be dull. The study requires it. Your true Blockhead always comes sooner to the Bar than your brisk fellow. Why that's the reason the people say I am no Lawyer, because I am a man of Wit, and have the faculty of being dull—

*Aur.* Sir *Paul*, a man of Wit is a fine thing. Oh I love a well spoken man sincerely.

*Cam.* Or any man else that will but marry thee sincerely.

*Aur.* They are lewd beastly Times, Sir *Paul*; Marriage is out of fashion too; and the Brutish things had rather take a Tawdrey Creature in nasty Crape, Colebertine Cornet, dirty Linnen, and tatter'd shooes and slaps, than Marry an unfully'd longing Virgin of fifteen years with a good Fortune, Witty, Beautifull—and willing.—Certainly there's no perfection so admir'd as Rhetorick; besides it soonest gets a husband of any thing in the world.

*Enter Sir Oliver Oldcut and Footman.*

*Oldcut.* Come Sirrah, come and pull off my Boots. Coz. *Aurelia*, there's a Lady below desires to see you, Madam—pish—what d'e call her—Madam—the tall young Lady with the green face, that us'd to come hither—I've forgot her name—Come Sirra—make haste.—

*Aur.*



*Aurel.* Mr. Heartall's Sister! and ten to one sent to me with a Message from him—I must run to her—your Servant, sweet Sir *Paul*.

*Either.* Sweet Sir *Paul*! the poor thing's in love with me! [*Aside.*  
*Madam*; 'Tis death to miss the honour of waiting on you down. [*Ex. Aur.*

*Either.*

*Oldc.* Oh Soul! such news, such Fortune—pull firrah—pull harder—  
'Sheart I am 2000 l. a year the better for this dayes work— [*Footman is pulling off his Boots.*

*Camil.* The worse rather.

*Oldc.* The stubborn fellow would not compound, not he; 6000 l. a year Estate and would not take half; An unreasonable Dog! But the Committee for my sake have nick'd him i'faith; for they have order'd me 2000 l. a year of it, and have conscientiously divided the rest amongst themselves.

*Cam.* So much the worse still.

*Oldc.* The worse! what for 2000 l. a year! Why Soul! Flesh! my bonny bouncing Buttock, art thou mad, ha! Gad I am so overjoy'd, I could dance a Jigg. Never was such luck—no—never was—such—

[*Footman pulls him off the Chair on the ground.*

Now Son of a Whore! now, now, Dog; What, no feeling Rogue—Couldst thou not have told me I was sliding off—hah—give me my Slippers, firrah! But Soul, as I was telling thee—I am the luckiest fellow! gad wee'll eat and drink like the Protector now—we can afford it—I intend to have a whole Shoulder of Mutton to morrow Dinner, and some Butter in my Cabbage—what, I can afford it now.

*Cam.* And shall the half Bottle of Ale be drunk off without grudging? Shall the Pot of Warden-Pears be uncover'd without a sigh to see how much 'tis wasted? Shall the Turkey Pye have the priviledg to be cut in the sides, and shall the Parmazan Cheese scape notching too to morrow?

*Oldc.* Yes, that it shall you little Buttock; and *Ralph* shall be Steward, and Chaplain, and Cook, and Butler, and Gard'ner, and Footman, no longer; I'll take another that shall draw the Yoak with him—and I'll make me a new Plu'h Coat too, and thou shalt be so fine, thou shalt out vye my Lady Mayorefs—what, we can afford it now!

*Cam.* And have my Train like her held up by a Catch-Pole instead of a Page? put on my Ermin Scarff, and have my Gold Chain pinn'd round it, to show the Grandeur of the City? lose my 100 Pieces a night at Lantra-loo, and Cuckold my Husband with a Cavalier? what, we can afford it now!

*Oldc.* Can you so! Cuckold! Cavalier—humph—why how now Soul! how now Flesh! how now Member! What d'ee scoff, d'ee laugh? d'ee flout at my Wisdom, and good Fortune? gad if I had not had a Brain I had lost it, I can tell ye that! and good Friends too—Sir *John Zownds* swore bloodily up to the point, or else Counsellor *Blunder* had carried it!

*Cam.* But where is your Conscience all this while Sir *Oliver*.

*Oldc.*

*Oldc.* Conscience! whiew — Ah Fool! wilt never be wiser? Conscience! when, didst thou ever know a thriving States-man have a Conscience? Never, Turtle! never, Crooked-rib, never!

*Cam.* Nor Honesty neither, that ever I could hear.

*Oldc.* 'Tis needless, useless; we can make nothing on't. How now, what's the matter?

*Enter Dash.*

*Dash.* So please your Honour, the prudent Captain *Jonas* is at the door, and desireth Admittance —

*Cam.* Captain *Jonas*! What's he in the name of wonder?

*Oldc.* What's he! by the Lord a most ingenious person, a profound Head-piece. He is the Author of the Intelligences — 'Tis he that invents all the Miracles, The fiery Dragons, Armies in the Air, Common-wealth Comets, and so forth, to confound and disturb the People — Oh! He's a man of great use amongst us — And one that claws the Tories off i' faith — *Dash*! Tell him he is welcome, and admit him — Go Wife! your Presence is not convenient when State-matters are divulg'd —

*Cam.* Nor yours, when Love matters are perform'd, I'll swear —

[*Ex. Cam.*]

*Enter Jonas.*

*Jon.* Sir *Oliver*, Your intire Servant.

*Oldc.* Heartily Yours, good Brother *Jonas*. Well, you came I know from the Caballists, and how go matters there?

*Jon.* Introth, Sir *Oliver*, with great and singular Policy and Vigour; I have not known the Nation in so good a posture of Affairs this many years as now: The Weed *Loyalty* is (thanks to Providence) rooted out, and *Interest* planted in its place; instead of *Honesty* we have *Cunning*, instead of *Conscience* a *Commonwealth*, and instead of *Religion*, *Money*.

*Oldc.* Why truly and these are rare times; blessed times Brother *Jonas* — Gad I would not have the Nation grow honest again for a Million, not I.

*Jon.* Faith Sir, between you and me, you need not fear it will; for you know, Sir *Oliver*, that we Brothers of the Brain, in troubled Waters always fish best: 'Tis your unsettled Government that we must thrive in — I rejoyce particularly about your good Fortune to day, Sir *Oliver*, I heard the Order of the Committee in your favour about the Cavalier Knight's Estate.

*Oldc.* Yes truly — they were very civil, I thank 'em; besides, I had Politickly made his Prison a back apartment of my own house, where he shall stay till all things are settled.

*Jon.* Carefully done Sir —

*Oldc.* Nay, if any one muzzles a Tory-Bandog better than my self, I much wonder. But Brother *Jonas*, 'prithee what News is stirring? I have seen this last Dragon of the North, and it frighted the Fools rarely. But 'prithee tell me, hast had any thing new since?

*Jon.*



*Jon.* Oh several Sir, every day produces 'em – I was very hard put to't this last week, finishing some Miracles for two or three Persons of Quality, my particular Friends: But I hope, Sir, you have heard of my Mouse, my wonderful Mouse, ha'nt you!

*Oldc.* Mouse! no faith nor I! Mouse – ha ha ha! not I faith! But prithee, how? what Mouse, Brother *Jonas*? I confess I heard of a *Papist* Mouse, that was starv'd in a *Protestant* Cubboard lately, but that can't be it sure!

*Jon.* No sir; this is a better fancy; and of a Mouse lately sent by the Republick of *Venice*, a Present to a noble Peer in Town here! a Mouse, sir, that was inspir'd with Speech, and would speak to his Patron distinctly and lowdly, *Whig, Whig – Commonwealth* – And then *Whig* again, three times together, Sir.

*Oldc.* Ha, ha, ha! And I warrant this took extreamly.

*Jon.* Took! Oh strangely Sir. I assure you, several of the Court of Aldermen were plaguily startled at it, and to my knowledg, two or three eminent Tory Citizens have kept their Beds ever since.

*Oldc.* *Whigg, whigg!* But hark ye, Brother *Jonas*, prithee what is a *Whigg* – faith I have forgot.

*Jon.* Why Sir? A *Whigg* is you, or I, or – my Lord<sup>col</sup>; In short Sir, 'tis a Title of Honour for our Party.

*Oldc.* Oh! oh! hum – is it so?

*Jon.* That's all I know of it: and so, Sir, rest you merry. I'll go and sit an hour with the Collonel; it may be I may pump something out of him to your advantage, Sir *Oliver*.

*Oldc.* Faith, and that's true; Do so dear Brother *Jonas*.

*Jon.* I'll about it, Sir; The snare is laying – but to another purpose my Politick Coxcomb. [Ex.]

*Oldc.* I never could tell what to make of this fellow; he has been a *Quaker*, *Papist*, *Independant*, *Muggletonian*, *Fist-Monarchy-man*, and all the Sects under the Sun, and yet never fixt to any of 'em: Hang him, let him be what he will, he does my Business. I make a very tool of him. Well, 'tis a rare thing to be wise – a rare thing. [Ex.]

## SCENE, II.

*Kinglove, Philippa, sitting at a Table, a Bottle of Wine and Manchet on it.*

*Kingl.* A Phanatick is the Devil's Forge; whereon he forms and fashions all his Mischiefs. A parcel-Fiend, that I would have painted as the *Savys* were of old, with Horns and Hoofs; Hoofs, to shew his Honourable Descent from *Lucifer*; and Horns, to blazon the eternal Crest of his Tribe. Come! Thou art Melancholly, my little Friend: Well, I'll release thee from this trouble; faith 'tis unreasonable thy youth should share in my Misfortunes, though thou art so kind to offer it.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Dear Sir, If any Melancholly cloud my face, it is for your sake, not my own; having your company, I can want nothing, since all the blessings I would wish is there. Yet pardon, if a tear break from my Eye, when I reflect on your past noble life; and see the man, whose bounty had no equal, reduc'd to make his Dinner of a Morsel.

*Sir Char.* A Morsel! rather a Feast my Friend. Content has made it rich and riotous. In my Prosperity I could observe how little suffic'd Nature, and from thence knew that all *overplus* was needless. Besides, is not this better than to lie for a well-dress'd dish of Wild-fowl, or pawn my soul to the Devil, or forfeit my Honour and Loyalty for a Fricassee or a Ragoust? I have known a Roundhead do it for a dish of butter'd Eggs! Oh! may I feed on Grass, Roots, Berries, Acorns; drink the green puddle of the standing Poole; any thing that our appetite counts Nauseous, rather than for the Luxury of Emperors, do the least Act dishonourable or disloyal.

*Phil.* That there is a Reward for Virtue, the School-men aver to be infallible: But, Sir, *Plato's* Great Year will be so very long a coming, that 'tis but reasonable one should expect Earnest-money here; 'tis fit we should have part of payment in this World.

*Sir Char.* The World, sweet Youth! the World's an arrant Cheat, a very Rook that never obliges you, but to undo you; And for my part, I am happy that I am no man of it.

*Phil.* You live Sir, and are a man of it, 'till you come to a better.

*Sir Char.* No Child, Thou'rt mistaken—he that is honest, and has no money, is no man of this world. And why the Devil should a man be Ambitious of the no Favour, when the detected Clod is so vile in all its Qualities; I'll give thee a short account of it. First, for your Courtier, if necessity pinch you, and you make your suit known to him, He's deaf—and in return, tells you a Story of his Miss, and what a new way of obliging she has. If you go to a Citizen, he wants Security, the times are hard, yet cannot forbear telling you a lucky hit he had that morning with a young Heir, which he calls a *Bargain*, but is indeed a *Cheat*.

*Phil.* The Clergy however are more Charitable, without doubt there you may be furnisht.

*Sir Char.* Aye with Prayers! a hungry Benediction or two perhaps may attend you, with hands clasp'd thus, and eyes up lifted. They shall pray heartily for your soul, but to save it from the pit, not give ye a Penny. This is the World, my Friend, and the World's Nature. It hates the Wise, the Vertuous, and the Loyal, and only cherishes the Knave and Fool.

*Phil.* Let it then keep its Nature, you are above it, and shall be ever so. See here, Dear Sir, what your poor Friend has got for your supply. This Purse of Gold, the value of a Jewel, my tender Mother gave me when she dy'd, I sold to help your wants. Nay, pray accept it, else I shall think you do not love me.

*Sir Char.*



Sir Charl. My best of Friends, I swear I will not rob thee.

Phil. D'ee not love me then !

Sir Charl. I do ; but must not wrong thee.

Phil. If you deny you will.

Sir Charl. How shall I be grateful ! what shall I do for thee ?

Phil. Only grant me one small request.

Sir Charl. Any thing ! I swear. What is't ?

Phil. Promise me, you will never throw me from your Love, nor let me want your Company.

Sir Charl. By thy kind self, and by Heav'n, and all that's good, I swear.

Phil. Then I am truly happy.

Enter Crape.

Crape, Sir, there's a young Lady below desires to give you a visit.

Sir Char. A Lady !

Phil. Young, didst thou say ? Is she handsome too ?

Crape, Yes, that she is young, Sir, and of Quality too.

Sir Charl. And would visit me ? Well, let her come up whoe're she be ; but of all things a Woman was the farthest from my thoughts at this time : But I see the Devil designs to play his old Game over with me, and when he can catch me with nothing else, he baits his Hook with a Woman ; and gad I snap at it as eagerly as a Spaniel does at a thing thrown him, never considering whether it be good or bad.

Enter Camilla.

Phil. I swear she's handsome. Oh how my heart beats !

Sir Char. Yes faith, honest *Belzebub* has plaid his part ; now will there be within me a mutiny between the flesh and the spirit instantly.

Cam. I do not doubt it, Sir, but being a stranger, you are surpriz'd to see me

Sir Char. Beauty, *Madam*, always surprises me. But I confess I was never made speechless so long till now —

Cam. That's a sign, Sir, you were never acquainted with my influence : Oh I have a wonderful faculty at making men dull —

Sir Char. It must be then either by opposing your Wit, or too nicely viewing your Face ; the one, like the Sun, I confess, dazles our eyes ; and for t'other, *Madam*, I have manners enough to think it excellent ; and then to outvy us with it is no wonder at all.

Phil. How her Eyes dart at him ! oh would they were out — [ *Aside.*

[ *They sit down at Table.*

Cam. Fye, Sir, this is like a Coward, what yield before any blow is struck ; nor will I own we out vy your Sex so much neither ; we have Female Wit at a pinch, 'tis true, when your Masculine Blunder would spoil all. But 'tis for constancy and vertue we are most famous, for those we are eternally renown'd.

D

Sir Char

*Sir Char.* Alas I poor souls ! and yet I never knew any Lady that broke her heart with either of these.

*Cam.* Did you ever know a man that broke his heart with over-loving a fair Lady ?

*Sir Charl.* No Gad — but I knew one that broke his back —

*Cam.* Some resty Cavalier I warrant you — such another mouldy Royalist as your self.

*Sir Charl.* Faith, *Madam* — I am mouldy, damnably mouldy, as you say — and thou like an Angel Creature, art come just in the nick to help me, for I am a kind of a Conserve, and must be us'd quickly, or all's spoil'd —

*Cam.* You Cavaliers are like stumps of Trees upon a hilly Desert, and meet with so many nipping blasts that you hardly ever sprout up Bud or Blossome —

*Sir Charl.* But, *Madam* — when I am planted in a low plashy and fertile meadow at the foot of a fair Hill, where never Plough has digg'd, nor savage rifled, the Case will be alter'd; the Devil's in me if I do not sprout up then.

*Cam.* But in the mean time, Sir, you are planted here, like a Mellon under a Glass, to keep you from the cold bleak North-wind; and to come nearer to the Business — for I love to time things; When did you see Sir Oliver ?

*Sir Char.* Damn him Caterpillar; 'Prithce do not plague me with the thought of such a Villain — I have other business now; and as Raillery is often the Cause of Love, but defers the effect, to come nearer to the matter, as you say, *Madam*; Answer me this Question ? Are you Widow, Wife, or Maid ?

*Cam.* First, Which of these three do you wish me ?

*Phil.* For my part, I wish thee hang'd — [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* First, If thou art a Widow, by that Eagle-Eye of thine, I do suspect thou hast kill'd thy Husband, who might be such a Fool as you were speaking of, and break his heart with over-loving. Secondly, Thou hast too much wit to be a Maid I am sure; no, a Wife for my Money — I am for a little Adultery against the World, 'faith : — Fornication is a sniveling sin; and, gad I hate to stand sipping in a half-pint, when I may Carouse a Bottle —

*Cam.* Well, Wife I am then ! but to whom think you ?

*Sir Char.* Why, 'faith I hope some old lame rich, very rich fellow.

*Cam.* No Sir, — he's neither old, nor lame, but the very Caterpillar that plagues you so, *Sir Oliver Oldcut.*

*Sir Char.* The Devil, it cannot be !

*Cam.* Very true upon my Honour.

*Sir Char.* Now though I hate the Tribe, yet gad she's handsome, and will lie with her out of meer revenge : My dear Friend, 'prithce take a turn or two in the next room a little — [*To Phil.*

*Phil.* For what Sir ?

*Sir Char.*



*Sir Char.* Nay, prithce no Questions now! art thou so ignorant not to know how matters go; Canst thou not play the true friend, and hold a door upon occasion.

*Phil.* Not for the world, not I. Oh this cursed Creature. [Aside.

*Sir Char.* Go, I say, or I shall be angry.

*Phil.* Well — I'll watch ye narrowly — I am resolv'd you shall do no mischief. [Aside, [Exit.

*Cam.* And whither have you sent the youth now?

*Sir Char.* To read a Chapter.

*Cam.* Nay, do not lock the door.

*Sir Char.* Why so? I know 'twas love that brought thee hither. Thou art so kind to take pity of my sufferings, and intend'st to recompence the wrongs thy Husband has done me.

*Cam.* I do; nay, more I do love you, but 'tis Honourably thus far, Heav'n knows what it may come to. But I have now so strong a Padlock upon my Conscience, that to get at liberty, is the greatest difficulty in the world.

*Sir Char.* Do you but pull back the Bolt of your Affection from your Husband, and for the Padlock of your Conscience let me alone —

*Enter Crape.*

*Crape.* Madam, Sir *Oliver* is so near, you have hardly time to get out.

*Cam.* Take this Purse, Sir, an earnest of my Love, preserve my Honour, and in any thing else Command me. The rest another time. Farewel.

[Ex. *Cam.* & *Crape.*

*Sir Char.* What can this mean? did she come hither only to railly me? Ah plague of Women's Cunning; they have more subtil fetches and tricks than a hunted Fox has. — She loves me, but Honour forsooth opposes! And who knows but this Money may be a trick, a design betwixt 'em; Gad I le not trust her — if she'll revenge me upon her Husband so: If not as she is that Bando's Wife, I'm oblig'd to have no faith in her — Oh Sir!

*Enter Philippa.*

Are you come? Why sure thou wert jealous of me just now, thou wert so loath to go.

*Phil.* Indeed Sir I thought she was a lewd Woman, and might do you some mischief. But now she's gone, I'll take my leave too. 'Tis very late, and I begin to grow sleepy.

*Sir Char.* A soft repose attend you — Hey *Swift*, who waits there?

*Enter Swift.*

Take a Light sirrah, and wait upon my Friend to his Chamber.

*Swift.* Sir! There's no getting out, Sir *Oliver* I suppose, thinking he had been in his Chamber already, has lock'd the Passage door.

*Phil.* Oh Heav'n!

*Sir Char.* The Rascal makes very formal Prisoners of us. But he has oblig'd me in this however, for now Sweet-heart I shall have more of thy company; now thou shalt share a Bed with me.

*Phil.* Was ever such an Accident! what shall I do? This alteration in my Face must needs discover me— [Aside.

*Sir Char.* Go, sirrah, and undress him, take off his Peruke, and give him a Cap. — [Cap's brought.

*Phil.* Indeed, Sir, if you please to favour me, I had rather sit up and watch by you.

*Sir Char.* Watch by me, that's a good one 'faith; Why Sir, I am not afraid of being stolen away—Sirrah, pull off his Stockings. —

[*Sir Char. undresses.*

*Phil.* But Sir I had forgot to tell you—I have, I have a strange—

*Sir Char.* Strange, what?

*Phil.* A strange Infirmary Sir, in the night time.

*Sir Char.* Infirmary! what—Thou dost not piss the Bed I hope.

*Phil.* No Sir, not that.

*Sir Char.* Gad I was afraid thou hadst lost thy retentive Faculty; What other Infirmary?

*Phil.* Why Sir, I am—I am apt to walk in the night time, and then Sir, I snore extremely, and shall so sprawl and kick, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Kick Sir! What the Devil, dost thou think I am made of glass, and afraid of breaking? What's the matter with the Boy? sure the young Rogue thinks I have got the Itch. — Sirrah, pull off his Breeches, and put him on a night Shirt.

*Phil.* By no means, Sir, this shall serve; indeed I shall catch cold if I change.—It must be so, if I excuse it longer, he will certainly suspect me.

[Aside.

*Sir Char.* Come, are you ready?

*Phil.* Almost Sir.—If he should chance to put out his hand in the night, or lay his leg over me, oh, I am at my wits end! [Apart.

*Sir Char.* Hark ye young Spark, pray let me have no Boys Tricks with you now; Do not you wake me in the morning, by pulling me by the Nose, or Great-Toe, d'ee hear —

*Phil.* Sir, I shall not lie so near ye, for I never could endure to touch any one a Bed.—Or if out of kindness he should hug me in his Armes, who knows but it may discover all, and then I am undone. [Aside.

*Sir Char.* Come, hast thou done fumbling yet? Gad thou art the most bashful young Whore-master that ever I met with, (go get the Bed warm'd!) Leave blushing ye shamfac'd Fool, and let me embrace thee: Gad I shall fancy thee some fine Woman or other, and have a pleasant time on't.

The Drowsie God will heighten my Delight,  
In pleasing Fancies I shall waste the Night:  
Think tho' a Youth, thou hast soft Female Charms,  
And dream I have my Mistress in my Arms.

[Ex.

ACT. III.



## ACT. III.

*Enter Philippa in a Night-Gown.*

*Phil.* **T**He Morning's come, and with the shades of Night are fled my fears ; for I have not clos'd my Eyes since I lay down ; but like a wary Centinel carefully watch'd the Fort , knowing it lay within shot of the Enemy : The Enemy, what Enemy ? 'Twas such a one, that had Honour been as great a Traytor as Love, the Conqueror might have set up his Flag of Defiance upon the Walls long ere this ; Every time he turned himself, he frighted me extreamly, which made me creep as far to the Bed-side as possibly I could ; yet once I could not forbear, but must put out my foot softly to his side to touch him ; me thought there was a kind of Consolation in that. *Here he comes.*

*Enter Sir Charles and Footman.*

*Sir Char.* A stranger below would speak with me ?

*Foot.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Not another Lady, I hope !

*Foot.* No Sir, 'tis one I have seen often with *Sir Oliver* ; he says his name is *Capr. Jonas*.

*Sir Char.* Damn him ! narrow-soul-Rebel : How dares he venture to look a Royalist in the Face ? Sirrah, go and complement him with half a score kicks, and tell him I am busie.

*Foot.* Gad and so I will, for I confess I do not like his Face.

*Sir Char.* Yet hold ; now I think on't, I may get something out of him that may prove beneficial : Go, sirrah, admit him ; and my little friend retire to the next room, and leave us alone. *[Ex. Phil.]*

*Enter Jonas and Footman.*

*Foot.* There's my Master Sir.

*Jon.* Sir, not having the Fortune to converse with you before, I suppose you know me not.

*Sir Char.* You suppose right Sir.

*Jon.* Sir, I am in the Town here, commonly dignify'd and distinguish'd by the name of Captain *Jonas* ; a man not altogether uninterested in the Affairs of State.

*Sir Char.* So Sir.

*Jon.* I

*J. n.* I have heard of your hard Fortune *Sir Charles*, and being my self a man whose depth is yet unsounded, and one that hath carefully weigh'd your Condition, I have oblig'd my self to propose a Remedy.

*Sir Char.* A Remedy for my hard Fortune! Faith *Sir* that would be a favour worth communicating indeed! But I beseech you *Sir*, what are you that have this power over Fate: some holy Father in disguise, and intend to read Lectures of patience to me!

*Jon.* A Holy Father; hum — He should be a Papist by that — gad I'll pretend my self a Priest, and try him that way: *Sir*, when you shall know what I am, you'll say mine is a Title not at all grateful to the Age in these times.

*Sir Char.* If thou art a Phanatick, as by those sneaking Features, and that set formal Habit, I do vehemently suspect thou art — thy Title is grateful to these times I am sure.

*Jon.* Why then to undeceive you I am none. I am —

*Sir Char.* What in the name of wonder! tis very loath to come out.

*Jon.* Are we within our selves! are we private!

*Sir Char.* Oh very private!

*Jon.* Your Ear then *Sir*, I am — A Jesuite.

[*Sir Char.* starts.

*Sir Char.* A Jesuite; faith that is a Quality not very grateful to this Age — I must confess.

*Jon.* And my right name is *Pope*.

*Sir Char.* *Pope* — gad you are very unlucky both in Name and Quality, as times go. But Master *Pope*, how comes it that you dare herd amongst Phanaticks? Can you think your self safe there?

*Jon.* Most secure of all *Sir*. There are several of us amongst 'em. We converse daily with 'em, talk Treason with 'em, drink every night Politick Coffee, and when the spirit moves, go to a whore with 'em!

*Sir Char.* A very conscientious manner of living, by my faith, *Sir*! But are there several of yee amongst 'em, say you?

*Jon.* Divers, *Sir*! And not only amongst them, but other Sects; I was my self all last year chief-Holder-forth amongst the Quakers?

*Sir Char.* How! the Quakers! what my plain-dealing Friends too! Do they adhere to you?

*Jon.* They *Sir* are our Brethren, our intimate Bosome friends. Your Quaker is the Anvil on which we forge our designs, and the Phanatick the person that uses them. They are both the necessary Tools we work with, and indeed the chief Implements of our Trade.

*Sir Char.* Your Trade?

*Jon.* Aye *Sir*, our Trade you know 'tis a spiritual Trade, we Merchandize Souls as others do Goods; sell Heaven by Commission, and upon good consideration can remit all manner of sins in our Transgressing Brethren: I hope you know this.

*Sir Char.* Faith *Sirs* I must beg your Pardon, I'll assure ye I know no such matter.

*Jon.*



Jon. What a Devil does he mean?

[Aside.

Sir Char. What if a Man's Constitution requires a Wench, can you allow him that cordially, and without scruple of Conscience?

Jon. You may have a Dispensation for't; Lord Sir, that you should pretend Ignorance in these Affairs! A Wench, alas! a Crime of a small moment, and may be absolv'd for little or nothing. Sir, I at this time keep two my self.

Sir Char. Why well said Mr. Pope, faith; gad if all the sons of your Mother Church are such Swingers, she has a very sanctify'd Brood of ye, I'll say that for Her.

Jon. He confounds me more and more.—Pray, Sir, if I may presume so far, What Religion are you of?

Sir Char. The best you may be sure, Sir, by being a Royalist, but altogether ignorant of your Trade, Mr. Pope.

Jon. Let me kiss your Hand Sir, I heartily rejoyce at it; and now give me leave to tell you, that my former words were only a Tryal of your Vertue, and to my content, I have found it fixt and unshaken, for which I shall for ever honour you Sir.

Sir Char. This is a subtil Rascal. Well! but to your Business with me good Mr. Pope?

Jon. Sir Charles, you are a sequestred man, one that Fortune has dealt very unkindly with; And that unnatural Villain, Sir Oliver, much worse; therefore if you have Courage enough to revenge your wrongs, and flourish again; Hark in your Ear, you must remove him. You understand me.

Sir Char. Remove him! Whither?

Jon. To the Devil, that's the surest place: In short, Sir, you must knock out his Brains.

Sir Char. Let me consider a little—This is a rare Rogue. [Aside.

Jon. When he's gone, his places must of necessity fall to me.—Very good, this 'tis to be Politick, and 'tis ten to one but the Tory Knight does it in a moment; for as I am inform'd, Hee's not worth a Groat, and would do any thing to get at Liberty. [Aside.

Sir Char. But, Sir, to scape when 'tis done, will not that be difficult?

Jon. Not at all, there's a hundred of our party that hate the damn'd Chair-man, and will be ready to assist you: Then 'tis the easiest matter in the world to be done; for 'tis but laying him cross the Noddle in a morning when he comes to visit yee; I have an Instrument ready here, 'tis called a Protestant Flayle, I invented it at Oxford for the good of the Cause; Hah! what think you? [Shows a Flayle.

Sir Char. Why, faith I think my knavish Canting Turn coat, Friend Pope thou art a damn'd Rascal.

Jon. Sir?

Sir Char. A true Son of an Independant Whore, and art deceived in thy Politicks—Why, thou Dog in a Doublet, wert thou such an intolerable Coxcomb, to believe any necessity could make me commit so execrable a Villany! Me, a Royalist, that profess Honour and Honesty? No, as you

are

are Dogs, worry one another. Let the Hangman be your Executioner. You are below a Gentleman's revenge; but if a good wholesome swinging will do you any service—

*Jon.* Nay, Sir, if you wo' not, there's no harm done: 'tis well we are private.

*Enter Phillipa.*

*Phil.* Not so private neither, as you imagine, good Mr. Pope —

*Jon.* Another Whelp unkennell'd.

*Sir Char.* Within there — Bring three or four Cudgels out —

*Jon.* Cudgels Sir, I am a Gentleman, and wear a Sword.

*Sir Char.* A Flayle rather, as you were saying, Sir; but that's all one, I am resolv'd to bestow an Arbitrary beating upon you Mr. Pope; it may happen to make you loyal, and a lover of Monarchy. Hey, make haste there.

*Jon.* There's no other way — I must run for't —

[*Exit.*

*Phil.* Hee's fled like lightning.

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha! Let him go, and be damn'd, for a Decoying Villain. Death what a strange Age is this we live in; where no man is the man he seems, does what he pretends to, nor speaks what he thinks. I have known a Whore argue strongly on points of Religion, yet within three Minutes has done the Devil considerable service. I have known a Statesman swear all Rebels against the King were certainly damn'd; yet for the sake of Command, within two months after, has shot his Pistol at him. I have known a Lover vow, what he never mean't to keep; and a Courtier positively promise, what he never could perform. But see, yonder I think is a Petticoat advancing this way — Hoh! my Lady of the Lake, is it you?

*Enter Crape with a Letter.*

Well — and what news from Hell! what project is going forward now?

*Crap.* Aye, you had need talk. 'Tis the best project could have happen'd for you, I am sure, if you had but grace to esteem it rightly.

*Sir Char.* Good Mouldy-box of Marmaled, let me have none of your Instructions: for by that mortify'd face of thine, it will not edifie. Gad I shall take it worse from thee, than if an old Bawd should reprove me for my lewd life and Conversation. Come, come, your Message, your Message —

*Crap.* Ods my life, I have a good mind not to tell you.

*Sir Char.* Oh fie! you must, you must: Come, there's half a Piece for you.

*Crap.* A shame on you, you are the strangest man: well, 'tis a lucky Project for you, I can tell you that: why, you must know, Sir, that my good Lady. —

*Sir Char.* Which in the first place is non-sence.

*Crap.*



*Crap.* Slife, but she is a good Lady, marry. and e'en too good for this world. Well! she, I say, has with much ado' procur'd your freedom of Sir Oliver, upon condition you are forth coming at any time when she has occasion for you.

*Sir Char.* Why faith tell her I'll do what I can to be alwayes forth coming for her occasions; but thou know'st Sweet-heart, a man's but a man; we are all mortal, and must sometimes have our failings.

*Crap.* We must indeed, and therefore should bear with 'em accordingly.

*Phil.* Should we so eternal Consumption! oh Heav'n! that it should be in the power of such an Insect to sting me.

*Crap.* Then Sir, here's a Letter for you worth a Broad-piece!

*Sir Char.* Is it so? and gad thou shalt never say I undervalu'd it—There 'tis for thee. [Gives her Money.]

*Crap.* Oh dear! 'tis too much indeed: But you are such a noble Gentleman, there's no returning, I know; Your Servant, Sir; Y'have now your liberty to go where you please; Your Servant, sweet Sir. Your Servant youn' Gentlewoman [Ex. Crap.]

*Phil.* The Devil take you old Bawd and your Service too; for no other way have I hopes to be rid of thee. [Aside.]

*Sir Charles reads.*

**Y**ou are now at liberty; therefore fail not to meet me an hour hence, at the Back-door of our Garden: Have Gratitude enough to think this a favour; and as you are a man of Honour, keep my Counsel.

*Sir Char.* Oh, I find Shee's wheeling about: I knew 'twas impossible for flesh and blood to hold out when the Devil and the Dear Sin plant their temptations. *Philip,* You must excuse my absence for an hour or two; I have some private business, but at seven I'll not fail to meet thee at the Fleece. Farewel. [Exit.]

*Phil.* This must be some assignation from that Devillish woman—I know that Letter could contain no other Business. Oh! I could curse my Fortune and her Beauty—Well, when a misfortune is not to be remedied, I must have recourse to Patience, and watch some kind occasion to befriend me— [Exit.]

## SCENE II. London.

*Enter Copyhold and Slouch.*

*Slouch.* Lord bless us! what a vine place this London is, neighbour Copyhold. There's ne're a house here but's as big as our Parish Church at home, and one can meet none as one goes along but Lords and Ladies, and great volk.

*Copyh.* Why, there 'tis now ; Instruct a Fool, and make his answer your self. What great volk ? what Lord didst thou meet with, Fool, hah ?

*Slouch.* Why, was not that a Lord that went by just now in the laced Coat, with such an ocean of Ribbons in's hat, was not that a Lord, Fool ?

*Copyh.* No, Fool, that was a Lord's Pimp. I confess the profession is thriving, and he may come to honour in time, if he be but industrious. He's not the first Pimp has had preferment to my knowledg.

*Enter a Footman hastily.*

*Footm.* Pox on you for a purblind Bumpkin. Damme can't you see you Dog.

*Slouch.* As gad sa' me, my heart was at my mouth for fear he should have drawn his Whinyard : Who is it, canst tell ; I am sure he must be some great person by his Daming and Sinking.

*Copyh.* Why, this Damning sinking Person is a lowsie Foot-boy to a more lowsie Brewer, that in former times was coupled with his Masters Horses in grinding the Mault, but since happening into a drunken Ale-drinking Parish, has cheated enough to keep his Coach and Six, with a Pox to him !

*Slouch.* A Foot-boy, uddid, if chad known that, old Crab should ha' walkt about his ears, I'll tell him that.

*Copyh.* If these doings last, woe be to all merfy Meetings ifaith ; why one knows not now who's the Landlord, nor who's the Tenant ; which is the King, and which the Cobler. They are both equal now as things are order'd. Well, well, prithee let thee and I walk about our business.

*Slouch.* Aye, aye : Let's find the Knight Sir Oliver out, that I may know who I mun pay my Rent to.

*Copyh.* Why, are you mad neighbour *Slouch* : will you pay it to any body, till you zee which is the strongest side.

*Slouch.* Nay, by'r Lady, that's almost out of doubt now ; for the young Prince that should be King, is banisht : but however I am lawful Tenant to Sir Charles Kinglove.

*Copyh.* Lawful ! Prithee what's Law against the longest Sword ! that'll cut all Law in pieces, and make new ones : don't you see how the ancient Laws are turn'd topsy-turvy, and new ones call the old Kingdom a new Common Wealth.

*Slouch.* Why, an' the Law have made it so, 'tis so.

*Copyh.* Yes while the Protector has 40000 men to back the new Law, and the King none to oppose 'em.

*Slouch.* Why neighbour, our Parliament told us, all So'diers should be Disbanded when the Law was settled ; and so we need no more Taxes nor free-quarter, now we have a Law to depend upon.

*Copyh.* How like an Oase dost thee Prate ! Why, had not the King Law and Right to depend upon, and yet it would not do against 40000 men.

*Slouch.*



*Slouch.* Well, I say the Law can do any thing.

*Copyh.* But make a Mon a Woman.

*Slouch.* It can make a Mon swear he's a Woman, or hang him.

*Copyh.* Yes with the help of Halberteers, and a Hangman.

*Slouch.* 'Sdiggers neighbour *Copyhold*, Thou hast a plaguy Noddle! a parlous pate o' thy own; why, thou makest the Law to signifie nothing at this rate: What side should a mon take?

*Copyh.* Take Law's side, whilst 'tis strongest.

*Slouch.* But how shall one know when that is?

*Copyh.* When't has the 40000 men of its side.

*Slouch.* But if they'r against the Law.

*Copyh.* Then be thou against it too, Fool: Had'st not thou rather have 40000 men on thy side against the Law, than the Law of thy side against 40000 men!

*Slouch.* As the Song says, I perceive Law lyes a bleeding.

*Copyh.* Aye, and the Head and Fountain of the Law too.

*Slouch.* Swounes, I intended to make a Lawyer of my Son, but I am off on't now.—

*Copyh.* Off on't, why how came that into thy Noddle, what means hast thou?

*Slouch.* Means, Why I breed en' at a Free-School, and if I can raise 40 l. to put 'en to a Torney, he may come to be Torney-General, and make Laws to settle the Crown.—

*Copyh.* Come, come; be rul'd by me Neighbour; my Advice is that you make an Evidence of him, put en to one of the Protector's Plot-makers, and he may come to witnes 'gainst some of the Cavaliers at the High-court of Injustice; and then he's made for ever; and in time may be able to keep his six Servants, or six men for his Life-guard.

*Slouch.* Peace, peace, Neighbour; here are Soldiers coming.

*Enter six Soldiers.*

*1. Sold.* Come, come; the times will turn Sirs, we have good news comes every day. The Protector they say is sick, and if the Devil takes him, as I am sure he will; and suddenly, we shall have good dayes again. How now Vermin of the Country, what are you? who are you for Sirrah, the King, or the Commonwealth,—hah?

*Slouch.* Why, an't shall please you Gentlemen.

*Copyh.* Look! look! He's at his shall please ye. *Slouch*, be at silence, and let him speak that bears the Brain. Noble Gentlemen, and Fellow Soldiers, to speak affirmatively to the matter, we are for the Commonwealth dee fee.

*1. Sold.* Knock 'em down! swinge 'em, no more words on't, drub 'em confoundedly. ——— [They beat him, and Exeunt.

*Copyh.* O mercy good Gentlemen! mercy.

*Slouch.* Lookee Neighbour *Copyhold*, I shall desire the favour of you, that

that as you bear all the Brain, you will hereafter bear all the beating too : for, for you to be witty, and I to be bruised for't, zooks I must tell you 'tis a little unreasonable.

*Copyh.* 'Tis an ill time for Wit in a time of Civil War ; for if they had been as ready to break Jest as they are to break heads, I for my Wit had scap'd a Beating, and thou, because a Fool, hadst been beaten more. But for the future, advance and take thy Fortune, and if thou hast any wit I hope thou wilt be Swing'd for't. 'Tis grown a Custom in this Age, and 'twould grieve me if thou shouldst miss it.

*Slouch.* Here comes more of 'em, now for me ; Thou shalt see what a Joke I'll pass upon 'em.

*Enter Dash, with Soldiers of another Party.*

*Dash.* Thomas !

*i. Sold.* Here Sir.

*Dash.* Go and sound me those empty Casks, and try if they are not musty ?

*i. Sold.* Now Badger of the largest size. Who are you for, Commonwealth, or King ? hah ?

*Slouch.* Pox o' the Commonwealth ; 'tis the very Fundament of Governing ; all Tail, and no Head. No, Sir, we are resolv'd to be brave fellows, and for the King, we.

*i. Sold.* 'Tis very well, my brace of rusty Plough shares.

*Dash.* Friends, it behoveth your Discretion to beat them abundantly ; Let their Bones be, as it were, broken, and their Flesh bruised : for the seed of Contest is in them, and must be thrashed thence by the Flayle of Reformation.

*[They beat 'em, and Exit.*

*Slouch.* Hold, hold, Gentlemen ! I am for the Devil and Money, as you are. I'll be for any thing. A pox o' your Flayle of Reformation. *[Shrugs.*

*Copyh.* A pox o' your Fundament, I say, and your jokes too, if this be the fruit on't. You may joke long enough before any one will laugh on your side.

*Slouch.* Ill times ! barbarous times, as you said, Neighbour. No Wit will pass now, that's the truth on't. How now ! who's this ? There's no more of 'em coming I hope !

*Enter Captain Jonas.*

*Jon.* The Colonel I hear is at liberty, and so is the other witness of my disgrace ; therefore without a Plot to invalidate their Evidence, the credit of our Party is ruin'd. A pox on my negligence, and foolish security—I shall raise a scandal on our whole Tribe, by this cursed want of Policy. Well—there is no way but to decoy two or three easy Fools to swear some notorious Crimes against them ; by that means to make 'em not be believ'd. Ah ! and yonder methinks are two fellows very fit for such a Purpose.



pose. One of 'em I met this morning, leading in his hand a pretty fresh Country wench, and, if I mistake not, he must be a very fit Tool for me to work with.—How now, my honest Country-men, what's the news with you? I warrant your heart akes to see so many Troops of Soldiers abroad, and not a bone about you, but is disorder'd at these War-like Preparations! hah?

Copyh. Why, faith not to belye our selves, our Bones are a little out of order at present, as you say.

Slouch. Our hearts do ake about the Troopers, indeed. But 'tis because they are not hang'd, an't shall please ye.

Copyh. So now has this Fool hedg'd himself into another drubbing by the by.— [Aside.

Jon. What, some of 'em have wrong'd you I warrant: In troth I am sorry for't; and you seem to be such honest fellows, that if you will be rul'd by me, I will for the future defend you against a'l such injuries.

Slouch. Rul'd—aye, with all our hearts good faith.

Copyh. This man now has some Conscience in him, but the other were Babylonian Infidels.

Jon. First, What are you? and what's your Business here in Town!

Copyh. We were lately Tenants to Sir Charles Kinglove, and I for my part have born all Offices in our Parish, and kept as good a House, I can take my corporal Oath, as any Farmer in Worcester-shire: Neighbour Slouch there, has kept House too; but I think will knock under the Table if compar'd with mine.

Jon. Sir Charles his Tenants! This is as lucky as I could wish.—I see the Devil remembers the good Offices I have done him, and will not leave me in distress.— [Aside.

Copyh. And we are going to find one Sir Oliver Oldcut, to renew our Leases, and know to whom we must pay our Rent.

Jon. Sir Oliver Oldcut! why he's my intimate bosome Friend; he does nothing without my advice: But he's Sir Charles's mortal Enemy, and if you would oblige him, you must think of Sir Charles. Well, 'tis strange to see some men's Fortune—I am the only person in the world that could do you this good office.

Copyh. Good Lord!

Jon. And if you would be trusty and secret, I'de raise ye to a better Fortune than the renewing your Lease. Hark in your Ear, you can swear to a thing upon occasion—umph.

Slouch. Must the thing be true or false, I pray.

Jon. Oh fye, what a question is that in this Age! True or false? why, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, man. If true, there's the more Honour; if false, there's the more Money: 'tis all one, I tell thee. I see, Friend, your neighbor there has no great store of wit.—

Copyh.

*Copyh.* Wit ! hang him Dunce, Dolt, Cuckoo : oons such another word and I le thrash thee as I would a Sheaf of Barley. 'Sbud Sir, you seem to be so good a Gentleman, that I le swear any thing for you, and so shall my Wife and Daughter. There's my hand on't.

*Slouch.* Nay, nay, hold you ; I le not stand out neither if you go to that.

*Jon.* Follow me then ; Be faithful, and be rich. So now will I get Sir Charles and the o her Youth apprehended ; then baffle their Evidence against me, and by my Wit secure my Reputation. [*Aside.*  
Come my good Friends.

*Copyh.* An honest conscientious Gentleman, I warrant him ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE, III.

*Enter Heartall and Aurelia.*

*Heart.* How is it possible I should think you love me, when you so often suspect my Fidelity.

*Aur.* What have you done ! Oh I shall be ruin'd for ever.

*Heart.* So far from it, that I have done thee a considerable favour ; for my Dear 'tis impossible now thou should'st be impos'd upon.

*Aur.* But how shall I get a Husband now ! Oh that doubt distracts me : if I had but been marry'd, before you had done this, I had not so much car'd.

*Heart.* I confess the dear pleasure had been so much the safer : but however you need fear no danger, for a Maidenhead is of that obliging quality, that a dull Husband can no more know when his Wife has lost it, by any experiment he can make upon her, than a Gamester can be secure, the set Gold is his own whilst the Dice are throwing : 'tis true, hope and a strong Conceit may do a great deal.

*Aur.* Aye, but we have done more than by strong Conceit certainly.

*Heart.* We have done nothing but what we should ; nay, than what there was absolute necessity for : I could not live without possession of thee, nor could'st thou love me, and not grant me life.

*Aur.* Aye, but the Rules of Vertue, think of that Sir.

*Heart.* How that quick breath, that tender sigh became thee ; thy panting heart sent out its Amorous Summons to bring Loves Champion once more to the Field.

*Aur.* Could we love on virtuously, were we married or so, it were another matter.

*Heart.* Aye, gad that would be a hopeful matter indeed ; [*Aside.*  
Virtuously ! why, thy Virtue is involv'd still in thy Love. Love, that like a rich and potent Lord possesses, each close Apartment of this Charming  
Body,



Body, retains thy Vertue for some fitter season, and therefore shuts it up in some dark Closet, till the Riotous Soul has done its Revelling.

*Aur.* And when it has done, what then Sir?

*Heart.* Then? Why, then Virtue like some Grave Chaplain of a Family, stalks out and Preaches Temperance to the Senies, until another Banquet be ordain'd;

And then Virtue, that wou'd against Loves Heav'n rebel,  
 & Envy his Joy, and shrinks into his Cell.

*Aur.* But what if I should be sick, and consequently troubled with a scrup'le in Conscience?

*Heart.* Why then your only way will be to call your Chaplain Virtue out of the Closet, and ask him for a dram of the Bottle.

*Aur.* Oh fye, well indeed my Dear, you are a very lewd wicked person, sincerely.

*Heart.* Indeed, my Dear, I am a very mild, passionate, constant, modest Fool, sincerely.

*Aur.* Nay, I must confess you would never talk more than you should do; ah! wou'd you had been as reserv'd in another point.

*Heart.* Rather wish me an Eunuch, faith; 'tis the more obliging Curse, and the only one I wou'd wish the man that is to be thy Husband.

*Aur.* My Husband! Alas, I shall never have one now.

*Heart.* Yes, a good one, before to morrow night, if thou wilt.

*Aur.* Shall I indeed; who prithee, your self!

*Heart.* Me? No, I shall make a better Friend than a Husband a thousand times. I am ready to faint at the name on't, as some are at the sight of a Breast of Mutton. But what think you of Sir Paul Eitherside?

*Aur.* He's a Fool!

*Heart.* The fitter to be a Husband always: your men of Wit will discern your slips of Youth, and are often cross, and ill natur'd.

*Aur.* To be my Lady Eitherside, a Coach and Six; my Valet, and two Footmen: Well, I swear it may do.

*Heart.* Do? It must do: I know he loves thee to extremity; and let me alone to carry on the Plot, only observe this, that when we are together, you always slight me, and prefer him. 'Twill catch the Goose with less trouble.

*Aur.* I warrant ye, and now I love ye more dearly than ever, for this contrivance to marry me.

*Heart.* And will you always be kind to me?

*Aur.* What! wrong my Husband?

*Heart.* Pish! Prithee no hard words, rather wrong any man than me. Canst thou be so cruel to let me lose thee, to lose the rapturing Blessings that waited on the Heav'n of thy Love? No, either swear still to be true to thy Intrigue, or thou shalt never marry I'm resolv'd on't. —

*Aur.* Well, you are the strangest man: What would you have me do? Marry me first, and we'll talk of these things afterward.

*Heart.*

*Heart.* Promise the Earnest of your Love the Wedding-night ; which I hope will be to-morrow — or —

*Aur.* Pith — well — if I must promise —

*Heart.* You must — come then — Married thou shalt be, because I believe 'tis convenient. But I would not lose thee for the world — Hark, there's some body coming — Let's away —

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Camilla and Chloe.*

*Cam.* I like the Tune extreamly ; Prithee sing it agen.

### SCOTCH SONG.

**T**Wa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,  
 Blyth Jockey was lov'd, but Sawney unluckie;  
 Yet Sawney was tall, well-favour'd and witty,  
 But Ise in my heart thought Jockey more pretty;  
 For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me,  
 Never was Lad so like to undo me;  
 Fye, I cryed, yet almost died,  
 Lest Jockey should gang, and come no more to me.

2.

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,  
 And Ise had a dread lest I should miscarry;  
 For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so guiled,  
 That I was afraid my heart would have yielded;  
 Daily he press'd me, bless'd me, kiss'd me,  
 Lost was the hour methought when he miss'd me;  
 Crying, denying, and sighing, I'd woo him,  
 But ah! much ado had I to gang fro him.

3.

But cruel Fate robb'd me of this Jewel,  
 For Sawney would make him fight in a Duel,  
 And down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded  
 Ah! there to his death poor Jockey was wounded;  
 But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,  
 Who can express my grief that beheld him!  
 Raging, I tore my Hair to bind him,  
 And vow'd, and swore, I'd ne're stay behind him.

*Enter Crape.*

*Crap.* The Collonel's come, Madam.

*Cam.* Go, make haste and pick those Gilly-flowers, and see the Rose-cakes do not burn.

[*Ex. Chloe.*]

*Enter*



Enter Kinglove.

*Sir Char.* I was conceiting the narrow Wicket of your Garden-door to be the Gate of Paradise; and that I was summon'd hither by an Angel that lov'd me. I hope, Madam, you will exalt the fancy, and not let it fall for want of encouragement.

*Cam.* That were a way to make you turn Reprobate, and Despair. No, Sir, you shall have Angelical entertainment here: Fair looks, kind words, and a comfortable exhortation.

*Sir Char.* So! 'Gad I never had any luck when I touch'd upon any thing of Scripture, it always turns to my disadvantage. An Exhortation. I hope, Madam, you don't intend to make a Saint of me, and treat me with Sacrifice and Pray'r?

*Cam.* As I am an Angel I must be punctual in my office.

*Sir Char.* But thou art an Angel of mortal race, and therefore thy office is different.—

*Cam.* And I warrant you'll say my influence is rather over bodies than souls; but I'll not believe it: And since my Dignity is so Divine, 'tis fit I have decent applause. Come first—What have you to say to my face?

*Sir Char.* There's so much perfection in't, that 'tis as impossible for me to commend it justly, as it would be for me to laugh in the midst of the possession of thy love: Thy Beauty being as far beyond all applause, as the raptures of thy enjoyment is beyond all mirth.

*Cam.* Your Servant, Sir.—Well—my Neck!

*Sir Char.* The Alabaster Column that supports Wit's Palace.

*Cam.* So—my Breasts!

*Sir Char.* Two Milky Hills of Joy,

*Where Cupids lye,  
And Lovers dye,  
Consum'd in Ecstasy.*

*Cam.* What, Rhime too! that could never be *extempore*, that was stol'n I am sure.—But, come, proceed. My knee——

*Sir Char.* Your knee! what a Devil, we are not come to the end of the Chapter already, sure? Nay, faith, Madam, I'll have no dodging; for as I have enter'd upon the Text, I am resolv'd to go through with the Sermon: Therefore either give me your Question, or y' Gad I'll proceed without my Cue. 'Sdeath this is just like beginning the first line of a Pray'r, and then crying, *Amen*.

*Cam.* Sir, from the Forehead to the Breast is known land, which you as well as another may have liberty to treat of: But from the Breast to the Knee is *Terra Incognita*, and can be discover'd by none but my self.

*Sir Char.* Yes, by me, *Columbus* the second, who knows the land of *Cansan* to a hair, and affirm its situation to be *sub Zona Temperata*, the

South-East part of the Globe. And my best way to be sure, is to travel thither. But then, Madam, you must be my Pilot in the Voyage.

*Cam.* My want of skill will throw you on some Rock or other.

*Sir Char.* I'll bring the Ship off agen, I warrant ye. But, come, this all talking, and no performing, is so like an old crazy couple—

*Cam.* What would you doe? Sure you love me better than to think the open Garden a fit place for any other business.—

*Sir Char.* As well as I love you, I find by these Delays you have none for me.

*Cam.* Be ungrateful and think so—I know not how to help it.

*Sir Char.* Will you not revenge me upon your Husband? Did you not promise me?

*Cam.* I did, and will perform it, but cannot this way now; think on some other and try.

*Sir Char.* A Pox o' this place; No Alcove, no Cave, no Convenience; nor can I imagine any other way.

*Cam.* Study, your Wit did not use to be Barren; Study some pleasant thing.

*Sir Char.* Well—I have it: three things faithfully perform'd—I will have patience—But if fail'd in—without enjoyment 'tis impossible for me to think you love me.

*Cam.* Come then, Fortune for me: What are they?

*Sir Char.* First, I will have thee pull out two of his soundest Teeth, and send 'em to me in a piece of paper. Kneel down and Vow to doe it.

*Cam.* I Vow.

*Sir Char.* Secondly, You must contrive some way or other that I may kiss and embrace you before his face. Vow too, this shall be done.

*Cam.* This too shall be done.

*Sir Char.* So: Thirdly and lastly, that I may give him three fair fil-lups on the Nose; and that he may know it, yet bear it patiently. Vow this too, and I am satisfy'd.

*Cam.* I Vow.

*Sir Char.* Very well! these things carefully perform'd, I will believe you love me perfectly; and will with patience wait your opportunity for the last dear and only favour.

*Cam.* They are difficult; but since I have vow'd, I'll do't, whatever happens.

*Enter Crape.*

*Crape.* Make haste away, Sir, if you love your liberty, for Captain *Jonas*, yonder, has accus'd you to Sir *Oliver* for attempting to Fire the City, and the Officers are now searching for you. Your young friend is apprehended for a Rape (Lord bless us!) and is just carrying before Sir *Paul* *EITHERSIDE*.

*Sir Char.* Ah, Damn the Treacherous Villain! The Rogue yesterday would



would have brib'd me to Murder him. And now, for fear I should accuse him, has forg'd this Fanatical lye.

*Cam.* Come with me, and I'll secure you from the Officers, and find some way to get off your friend. Be constant, Sir, and then you will be gratefull; for though I am fetter'd to this tainted Limb, this Canker of the festring Common-wealth, yet I have Loyal blood within my veins.

*Sir Char.* Thou must, I know, it. Thou soft lovely Creature. Those that have Wit like thee, must needs be Loyal.

This Marry'd Lump, this, Husband, is thy shame:

*Cam.* My shame indeed, and Husband but in Name.

And tho in Name I must his Wife appear.

*Sir. Char.* And tho in Name thou must his Wife appear,  
Thou art the Mistress of a Cavalier.

[ *Exeunt.*

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT. IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir P. Either side, Jonas, Oldcutt, Copyhold, Phebe, Aurelia, Camilla, Constable, Officers, with Phillipa Prisoner.*

*Either.* IT would be a great stain to my discretion, and I should very much ungild the Jewel of my judgment, if I shou'd not believe the Circumstances of this Rape.

*Phill.* A Rape! what Villains are these? Your Ear, Sir, by all that's good, 'tis impossible for me to commit a Rape if I would.

*Either.* Impossible! Ay, that's a fine Wheadle indeed: Impossible! no, Sir, we don't doubt but you are *Compos mentis* for such a business, as well as a bigger man.

*Phill.* Accept of this, Sir—

[ *Gives money.*

And afford me but one half hour in private,  
And you your self shall own 'tis very impossible.

*Either.* Half an hour in private! 'Gad I believe this young Rogue has an evil design upon me too: Else why in private with me? I don't like his Leer; He's an Arch-Dog, I warrant him. Let's see what he has given me—hum—Five Guineys—no, it won't do, for Captain Jonas has just now given me Ten.

*Jon.* And, Sir, as I was going to ensnare him according to my promise about your business: The complaint of this Rape was made me by

this honest fellow, and the Villain foon after was seiz'd. The other that we found going to fire a house, has made his escape. But I doubt we shall have him e're long.

*Old.* A rare business, I faith—What, Sir, will no less Crimes than Burning our Houses, and Ravishing our Daughters serve your turn—hah, a fine Boy, faith—The Rogue would make an excellent—(what d'ye call him!) What an Eye and Nose is there? Gad 'tis a very fine Boy. [ *Cop. and Slouch brow bt in.*

*Either.* Call in your Evidence there: you are willing to swear all this, my friends.

*Slouch.* Ay, ay, Sir,—Ay.

*Cop.* We are willing to swear to't, and 't please you, if 'twere as much more.

*Jon.* Ah—ignorant Dogs. [ *Aside.*

*Eith.* How, not so, friend, I hope. Give 'em their Oaths, *Dash.* Captain *Jonas*, you will swear too about the other business?

*Jon.* Most zealously, Sir: And with as clear a Conscience, I thank Heav'n, as ever Martyr suffer'd for Religion— [ *Kiss the Book.*

*Either.* I believe ye, faith—And to say truth, these ten Guineys have strengthen'd my belief exceedingly—

*Phill.* Ah, Cursed, Perjur'd Villains: I know 'em now, they were Sir *Charles's* Tenants. Well, I see I must discover my self at last. There can be no other way. [ *Aside.*

*Eith.* Stand forth, Sweet-heart, and by the Oath you have taken answer to what shall be demanded.

*Old.* Sweet-heart, Turn up your Hood.

*Either.* In the first place, where was this Violence committed?

*Phebe.* In the little Parlour, forsooth.

*Either.* In the Parlour! Lord bless us, why, what a shift was there! Why this might have been a Murther, as well as a Rape, all things consider'd.

*Phill.* I have no patience to hear this; Pray, Sir, let me speak.

*Jon.* Pray hear the Accuser, Sir *Paul*; I think 'tis not fit the Evidence be brow-beaten or disturb'd; for as you were saying, Sir—This might have come to have been a Murther.

*Phebe.* Nay indeed, forsooth, I was terribly afraid he would have Murther'd me; for he pull'd a Pistol out of his Pocket, which did so scare me—

*Either.* A Pistol too—why this is worse and worse: And Charg'd with White Powder, I warrant, because it should make no noise.

*Old.* Turn up your Hood, I say, woman, and turn your face to the Jury.

*Cop.* And then he swore bloodily. *Phebe*, why don't you tell Mr. Justice's Worship what he swore, child?

*Phebe.* First he swore Damn him and Confound him, he would have his Will, or—

*Slouch.*



*Slouch.* Loard blefs us !

*Phebe.* And then he swore by G, O, D, forsooth ; and another new Oath he had by the, by the twelve Postles.

*Either.* The Apostles — Mercy on us, what an invention was there ?  
*O Tempora ! O Mores !*

*Cam.* I'll lay my life there's a Trick in this ; and that cunning Villain, *Jonas*, has taught this Wench her lesson.

*Aur.* There must be something in't by their so often whispering —

*Old.* Come, come, let him speak : Let's hear what he can say for himself. What a Ruby-lip the young Rogue has too ?

*Phill.* I say that this is a Villanous Plot contriv'd against me, and there's not one word true that these have sworn ; but 'tis only done in design to invalidate my Evidence against Captain *Jonas* there, who yesterday wou'd have brib'd the Colonel to have Murther'd ye.

*Jon.* Ha, ha, ha ; Alas, weak malice : you'll do well to produce your witness, Sir, and then let the Court judge.

*Phill.* Ah wicked wretch ! you know you have disabled me of that ; but I have yet one way left to expose thee. Know then, Sir *Oliver*, that I am —

*Old.* Hold your peace, Sir : I know what you are well enough : and how dare you, Sir, defame the worthy Captain, hah — he Murther me ! He that from his Cradle has held forth against the ungodly. — He, a Villain ! Sir, Sir — I must tell you plainly that you are. — 'Dsbud, 'tis a fine youth — a smooth-fac'd Rogue ; he makes me smile in the very midst of my indignation. [*Aside.*

*Either.* Besides, to make defence ( 'gainst one that swears for the Protector ) without Witness, what a Novice art thou ? not to know that 'tis not Truth and Justice that carries a Cause, but substantial Evidence —

*Jon.* Sir, I think there remains no more, but that you commit him to safe custody, in order to his Tryal.

*Old.* Let him not out, but upon good Bail, Sir *Paul* ; I would have him secur'd, that I might know where to find the young Dog. [*Aside.*  
Captain, a word with you. [*Ex. Sir Oliver, &c.*

*Jon.* I'll follow you, Sir, — Bravely done, friends, of all hands, and your reward shall be accordingly. But now begun — I'll meet you half an hour hence ! Away.

*Phebe.* Yes, Sir.

*Cop.* Come, come, let's begun ; I long to be fing'ring the Money. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* Now, Cousen, is your time : you, I am sure, have an intereit with him ; for 'tis certain the young Gentleman is wrong'd.

*Phill.* What shall I doe ! I dare not discover my self, lest the Colonel should come to know it : But then to be Imprison'd, is a hated Penance too.

*Either.* Well, Sir, d'ye consider on your condition ? have you ten thousand pound Bail ?

*Phill.* Not

*Phill.* Not I, Heav'n knows !

*Aur.* Sir *Paul*, — If I have th' Interest in you, that you have often affirm'd I have, you cannot declare it better than in taking my word for his appearance.

*Either.* Ah, sweet Madam, sooner than any Alderman's in *London* : Ay, or than my Lord Mayor's himself, upon my Integrity. Mr. Constable, give him his liberty, and go about your business.

*Const.* Sir, he has committed a Rape.

[*Exit.*

*Either.* Ye sawcy Rascal, let him go, I say.

*Phill.* Madam, though this favour be extraordinary, that 'tis impossible I should be gratefull, yet my Innocence shall soon inform you, it is not altogether ill-bestow'd.

*Aur.* More of that another time, Sir. Sir *Paul*, this civility has oblig'd me at all times to avow my self your unfeign'd, humble Servant sincerely.

*Either.* Dear Madam, your words have so pow'rfull an influence upon me, that I fear my breast wants room for the excessive joy ; is stuck round with the darts of your Beauty, like an Orange that is stuck with Cloves.

*Enter Crape.*

*Crape.* Sir *Paul*, Mr. Alderman *Thrum* is below, and desires your advice in a Law business ; and, Madam, Mr. *Heartall* privately waits for you in the Drawing-room.

*Aur.* Hush, softly, Fool.

*Either.* A pox of his business, and Mr. Alderman too, it could not come in a worse time. Well, dear Saint, I'll but just speak to him, and be with you agen in a moment. 'Gad my Intrigue, I see, goes on rarely--- for she's a swinging Fortune, and I believe begins to be desperately in Love with me.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

*Aur.* Now to my first Love *Heartall*. What e're becomes of thee, I find I must keep touch with him.

[*Exit Aur.*

*Cam.* Go *Crape*, and convey this young Gentleman privately to Sir *Charles* : They must e'en lye together to night, for we can have no convenience for getting 'em away till to morrow. Make haste, and see the Servants be all ready for my design. Away——I think I hear Sir *Oliver* coming——

[*Ex. Phill. and Crape.*

And now to my three Injunctions. If I should fail after having so faithfully promis'd, he might have reason to doubt my Wit, as well as my Love. Let me see : First to pull two of his soundest Teeth out : To be kiss'd and embrac'd before his face : And to contrive him a beating, yet keep him patient. — Three fine frolicks indeed to doe to a Husband, for the sake of a Lover. But hang't, he deserves it, and I am resolv'd to try ; I used to be lucky at mischief.

*Enter*



Enter Oldcutt.

*Old.* O Soul! I have had such sport yonder with the old Alderman---- I have so fir'd him with Wit; so flaug'd him with stinging Jokes, thou would'st admire, had'st thou heard it. 'Gad I never talk't better since I was a man. My mouth was as full of Wit, as the Sea of Water: And I never spet, but out came a Jest, that put the Table in a greater Roar than there is at *Guild-Hall*, when one of us is chosen Sheriff.

*Cam.* Yet had less Wit in't than a Speech made to my Lord Mayor, Penn'd by the City Poet, and spoke upon a Pageant.

*Old.* A Speech made to my Lord Mayor! 'Gad some of those are notable things, I can tell you that: But as I was saying, we had such laughing: but at what think'st thou?

*Cam.* At you.

*Old.* Me! why how now, you crooked Rib? laugh at me? what at Mr. Chairman? 'Gad I'd have had a Sergeant at Arms at his back, if I had found that. No, Soul, y' are mistaken; you are out, I faith: The main Jest was about my lac'd Cloak.

*Cam.* About your lac'd Cloak!

*Old.* Ay, and about his saying that Sir *Peter Codshead* look't more like a Gentleman than I; though I prov'd my Cloak better Lac'd; my Coat better Velvet; my Body better Shap'd, and my Legs fuller in the Calf.

*Cam.* *Thrum*, and all you mean, Sir.

*Old.* *Thrum* and all: What, d'ye grow pert, you little Buttock! hah! am I the subject of your Jokes? Come, come hither and kiss me for that, and beg my pardon: Come, Rogue, come, and smite me o're the Lips: Look, I'll stand fair.

*Cam.* Kiss you! not for a Million.

[Turns her head away.

*Old.* How! not kiss nown dear Husband for a Million: That's fine, I faith—I'll try that.

[Goes to her.

*Cam.* If you expect I should live an hour after, forbear, Sir.

*Old.* Hey day! what's the Devil in thee? why dost thou turn away thy head so? I am not infectious, am I?

*Cam.* I know not that, Sir: but you are strangely alter'd of late.

*Old.* Alter'd! 'Tis unknown to me if I am: But how, prithee?

Enter Crape, Dash and Footman. A Letter.

*Crap.* Now's your time! Carry it cunningly, and my Lady has promis'd to reward you bountifully.

*Dash.* I warrant you; let her not fear me.

*Foot.* Nor me!

*Old.* But, Soul! prithee how am I alter'd? in what nature? hah! I long to know what the Devil ails me?

*Dash.* Sir,

*Dash.* Sir, so please you, here is a Letter from Sir *Joseph*. Oh —  
 [Stands off from him, and turns his head away.]

*Old.* What, has he got a wry Neck too? Come hither, Sir. [Exit.  
 From whom d'ye say—he's gone—what can be the meaning of this?  
 Come you hither, Sirrah. [To Footman.  
 Hark in your Ear! take this Note and go to my Scrivners, and tell him---  
 [Turns away.]

How now, Sirrah; what are you looking on?

Turn your head this way, Sirrah.

*Foot.* O Lord—I can't! I can't! Ugh, ugh.

[Ex. Coughing.]

Enter *Crape*.

*Old.* They are bewitch'd sure. Oh, *Doll*! prithee, dear *Doll*, run after that Bufflehead, and pull him back agen by the Ears.

*Crape.* Oh, fough: This is past all enduring. [Runs away.]

*Old.* What the Devil ails 'em all? They shun me as a Town-Rook does a Sergeant in Term-time. Soul,---prithee unriddle this Mystery: Are they all mad, or am I? Udlooks, I'm sure I ail nothing.

*Cam.* Ah, you perceive it not, Sir; and indeed I was loth to tell you, for fear of making you angry. But since it must out, and that like a good Wife, I am oblig'd in Conscience to discover and help your Imperfections. Know, Sir, that you are extremely troubled with a most insufferable, nauseous, abominable, stinking Breath.

*Old.* A stinking Breath!

*Cam.* Most Pestilential Sir! enough to breed distempers in a family. It must of necessity be occasion'd by some ill Teeth. Pray open your mouth, Sir—Ay, 'tis so—I see 'em now.—Look, *Crape*—Oh monstrous: they are as black as Ink.

*Crap.* Ay, or Charcoal, upon my honesty, Sir: Get 'em pull'd out quickly, or you are undone.

*Cam.* Let it be done immediately. Delay not a minute longer. Why, it is enough, Sir, to poison all your Wit, and utterly ruine all your excellent Discourse of State-policy.

*Old.* How! poison my Wit: Run *Crape*! run and call a Surgeon instantly: 'Gad I'll not leave a Tooth in my head, rather than the least grain of my Wit should be damnify'd: Run, run *Crape*; Ugh, ugh--- I think I begin to find it my self now.

*Cam.* Bid the Surgeon pull out two of the soundest, and be sure to bring two hollow Teeth with him, to have ready, if he should ask to see 'em.

*Old.* I have observ'd that this Imperfection is very natural to a Statesman. An Orator sooner gets it than any other man; for I remember, I my self have often turn'd my Ear to hear a famous Politician of this Age speak, when it was impossible for me to turn my face to him.—Oh, are you come, Sir; that's well.

[Enter Surgeon.  
 Why!



Why ! here it seems I am like to be poison'd by a damn'd confounded couple of Teeth. Pray look, d'ye see 'em ?

*Surg.* See 'em ! Ay, Sir, too plain : Stop, stop your breath, I beseech you, Sir,——Ods so——'tis well you sent for me in time : Pray, Sir, stop your breath.

*Old.* Stop my breath——What a pox, would the fellow have me choak my self ? Are they then so dangerous, do you say ?

*Surg.* Dangerous, Sir ! I assure you, if the Acrimonious quality of this Aqueous malignity had dilated it self through the nervous parts belonging to the *Dentes* or Teeth, upon the *Thorax* or Jugular Vein, the Virulity or sharpness of it had doubtless infected, or, as a man may say, penetrated——

*Old.* Or as a man may doe as well as say. A pox, Sir, I am not at leisure to hear out your Dispensatory at this time ; prithee let thy Tongue wag no more till my Teeth are out, and then——

*Surg.* Well, Sir, well, I stand corrected——Sit still, I beseech you, and open your mouth.

*Old.* Be sure you take care of my Tongue ; I wou'd not have that pinch'd for a 1000 l.

*Surg.* Good Sir, be patient, I warrant you. [*Pulls it out and shews it.*]

*Old.* Oh, the Devil go with it ; is it gone ?

*Surg.* Gone——Ay, you need not fear, Sir,——I am Master of my faculty——D'ye see, Sir ? was this fit to stick in the Jaws of a Politician ?

*Old.* Ods-heart——it looks like the Tooth of a Camel, rather than a Politician——Come, come, out with t'other——quickly——I am impatient ; 'Tis, 'tis gone : 'Gad if all the Committee had such Grinders, we should have a great many very unsavory Votes amongst us——Come, come——aw—— [*Gapes.*]

*Surg.* Shut your Eyes, Sir, and turn your *Fauces* or Jaw-bone towards the North-East.——

*Old.* The North-East ! Prithee which is the North-East ? 'Sbud how dost thou think 'tis possible a man should know the points of the Compass that has such Teeth in's head.

*Surg.* There, there, Sir, to that Corner : Wink, Sir, pray wink.

*Old.* Prithee make haste, and out with't.

I am to meet the Cabal to night at the Coffee-house about earnest business.——Oh, oh my Jaws are torn in pieces. [*He pulls, and Old struggles.*]

*Surg.* Pshaw, pshaw, you must have patience, Sir, 'tis not yet out.

*Old.* It only hangs by a piece of skin, I can pull't out now my self——Hah——what's here ? Ods-heart, the soundest Tooth in my head——Oh, Dog, Villain, Son of a Whore——I am ruin'd, spoil'd, undone, doom'd never to bite any thing harder than a Custard henceforward : Stand, stand out of my way——I'll Murther him.

*Cam.* Bid the fellow begon, *Crape.*

How, my Dear, has the Rascal mistaken and drawn a sound Tooth ?——

Prithee——let's see't.——

*Crape.* How, a sound Tooth ! now out upon him for a blind Villain.

[*Pushes him out.*]

*Old.* Stand

*Old.* Stand away, I say, and let me come to him; I'll not leave a bone of him unbroken as big as a Capon's leg—Oh damn'd Son of a Whore--- a found Tooth——

[*Ex. after him.*]

*Cam.* Ha, ha, ha; this was rarely perform'd, and one of my great injunctions is prosperously concluded. But now if the Surgeon should play false, through fear, and discover the trick; to prevent that, run *Crape*, and give him his reward—for money is as great an encouragement to a mercenary fool, as a beautifull Mistress is to a man of Wit. There's no danger to be fear'd, where there's such recompence. Away, there's some body coming.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Heartall, Aurelia.*

*Heart.* Was he so very fond, say'st thou, my Dear?

*Aur.* Oh, to admiration; took my Bail for the Gentleman's appearance at first word; and was so carefull to be Rhetorical and Florid, as if his life lay upon't, or his preferment sincerely.

*Heart.* Nay, the snare is so well laid, the Woodcock must of necessity be caught.

*Aur.* And can you say we do not live in a very wicked age, where it is counted so insufferable a piece of folly to Marry.

*Heart.* No, faith, not when we are so lucky to have the good effects of Marriage without it.

*Aur.* Fy, you should be more generous than to insult.

*Heart.* You, methinks, should be more kind than to call this a wicked age, only for being passionate and obliging; nay, only for giving you a brisk taste of a Vessel of excellent Wine, when otherwise you might be condemn'd to the Droppings of the Matrimonial Tap, as pall'd and insipid as a Vintner's Tub full of dead Wine and Flies.

*Aur.* And is not this a sort of vanity? Nay, now I see it is not in your power to forbear insulting, for you Men always love the Triumph above the Conquest. Oh, what a malicious pleasure you take to enjoy her for a Mistress, that you another—as a Virgin for a Bride.

*Heart.* Ha, ha, ha: Why, faith, I confess there is a kind of a Tickling in't.

*Aur.* And then to boast of it at the Tavern to one of your friends—as thus——Ah, *Jack*—I have the pretty'st Rogue to my Mistress, so soft—so kind, and not above 18 at furthest: I lay with her all last night, you Dog—(A pox, some damn'd bulking Whore or other, says he.) A Whore cry you agen, Damme, a Person of Quality's daughter—I have been intimate with her these two years, and design now to Marry her off to one of my friends—because I fear the poor Rogue is breeding.

*Heart.* Ha, ha, ha; Faith I'll kiss thee for this, and will own some such foolish vanity we men have; but 'tis with security, for we always take care of Names and Places. But hark—I think I hear Sir *Paul* coming: now to our set Carriage: I with my Hat off, thus cringing; and



and as sneaking and demure as the picture of a Whining Lover before a Novel.

*Aur.* And I as full of ridiculous scorn, as a Court-Lady that mistakes pride and ill-breeding for becoming state and grandeur, that has the ambition to be admir'd by every one, yet by her ill carriage gives every one occasion to hate her.

*Heart.* Hift ! he comes —

*Enter Sir Paul and Boy.*

This is a cruelty, Madam, I little expected from you — [*Bowing.*

*Eitber.* Sirrah, tell their Worships I'll meet 'em at the Coffee-house presently.

*Aur.* I think I gave you little encouragement : Pray forbear this discourse, Sir ; indeed you are strangely troublesome — [*Proudly.*

*Heart.* I love you faithfully.

*Aur.* Y' are the more unlucky, in my opinion : Dear, Sir *Paul*, your entire Servant. Lord, I have been so plagu'd with Impertinencies since you went.

*Eitber.* Say you so, Madam : What had I best do now ? — Draw, Sir : Methinks every Gentleman should have Wit enough to know when his discourse to a Lady is gratefull. Lord ! how the poor fellow looks ? [*Aside.*

*Heart.* Yes, Sir — I shall know when to speak : and to you, Sir, for whose sake I perceive I am thus slighted.

*Aur.* Come, Sir *Paul*, I have some rarities in my Closet ; Pray lend me your hand a little.

*Heart.* Well — I shall find an hour.

*Eitb.* Find an hour, Sir !

*Aur.* Nay, prithee, Dear, Sir *Paul*, don't mind him, I warrant he mistakes me for his Landladies Maid or his Sempstrefs.

*Eitb.* 'Gad if he threatens me agen, I'll take the Law of him ; I know how to deal with such Tories as himself ; I'll hoist him into *Westminster-Hall* with a wet finger, and so drill him from Court to Court, till he's as poor as a Church-Mouse, or an honest Attorney. [*Exeunt.*

*Heart.* } Ha, ha, ha — give you, Sir, — give you joy. Well, I think  
*Sol.* }

I have by this business a little expos'd the humour of the times, and shown what uncertain Merchandize a Woman is, and what luck all young Traders in Love are liable to — But by the way of instruction to my Brethren ; were I to begin the World agen — I should sooner suspect an affected coyness, than a careless gaiety ; for a Crackt Virgin is as certainly known by her scornfull look, and over-acted modesty as a private Bawd is by her Lozenges and Practice of Piety. Well — if things hit luckily, I shall meet her to morrow night, till when I leave her to her Coxcomb, — How now, what's the matter ? [*Shreek within.*

*The ROYALIST.*

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*Enter Phillipa, running cross the Stage with her Breeches in her hand.*

*Phill.* Oh, I am undone ! lost ! ruin'd ! whither shall I fly ? [Ex.

*Enter Sir Charles in his Night-Gown, with a Light.*

*Sir Char.* Nay, I am resolv'd to know who thou art, though I follow thee to Sir Oliver's bed-side—Hah—who's this ? what, *Ned* ?

*Heart.* Sir Charles, is't possible ? Sure this house is Faery-land. Why how in the Name of *Wonder* came you hither ? and what Nun is that you have made doe such Pennance ?

*Sir Char.* When I've overtaken her, thou shalt know more ; till when, farewell—

*Heart.* What can this mean ? and how does he dare to venture thus into the house of his enemy ? nay, and like an eager Falcon, Chase his Quarry, even into the very snare of the Fowler. 'Tis very strange ; and if my Mistress were not secure with her Fool in the Closet, I shou'd be damnably suspicious of a Counter-Intrigue : but since that's impossible, I am the less disquieted. Oh—here they come agen.

*Enter Sir Charles and Phillipa.*

*Sir Char.* This is the oddest adventure, *Ned*, I ever met with—my little friend here ; my Companion, *Phillip*, by being this night my Bed-fellow, I have found to be a Woman.

*Heart.* A Woman !

*Sir Char.* A Woman by this light, or else I have lost one of my senses.

*Heart.* Ha, ha, ha ; this is the strangest chance : but, prithee, how came the discovery ?

*Sir Char.* Why, Sir, by the help of an especial friend we were secur'd here to night from the Officers and Sir Oliver ; and being forc'd to make shift with one bed, we lay together, when a little while since my Bed-fellow being fast asleep. I had the good fortune to know my mistake, and found in my arms a young Beautifull Woman, with little round swelling Breasts, white and fragrant Bosom ; and, in fine, all things thereunto belonging and appertaining.

*Heart.* Faith, y'are a very lucky man, Sir ; for my part, I cou'd never meet with these surprizing blessings.

*Phill.* Sir, if ever you would oblige a poor unhappy creature, that never meant you any wrong. I beg you to let me go without making any further discovery.

*Sir Char.* Oh, to doe that, is impossible for me.

*Phill.* When you know me, I fear you'll hate me, and discard me your presence for ever ; which (if you doe) I am sure will break my heart.

*Sir Char.*



*Sir Char.* Thou canst not think me sure so barb'rous: What, my dear friend, the faithfull Partner of all my troubles, that in my greatest necessity supply'd my wants—no—I shall love thee better now than ever.

*Phill.* Oh, if I were but sure of this! [Kisses her.]

*Sir Char.* Thou art; let this confirm it. Come, speak boldly.

*Phill.* Since then it must be known, my Name, Sir, is *Phillipa*—

*Sir Char.* Ha.

*Phill.* D'ye start—Nay, then my fears increase, and I am agen undone.

*Sir Char.* *Phillipa*, what that beauteous Virgin that so much did love me; who, though an Heiress, left a mighty Fortune to spend her days in discontented Travel.

*Phill.* The very same, Sir.

*Sir Char.* *Phillipa*, that disguis'd at *Worcester* Fight, so nearly lost her life for me, that since in all my miseries kept by me, she that I slighted for her Father's sake; and because he was a Rebel, scorn'd and laugh'd at.

*Phill.* She, Sir, the poor unhappy she.

*Heart.* I think I have some Loyalty; yet I shou'd no more have lost the possession of such a beauty, because her Father was a Rebel; than I shou'd desert the Mansion-house of my family, because my Father dy'd there.

*Phill.* I conjure you, Sir, by your Loyalty, and that I know is sacred; be not angry with me; let me not lose you quite, though you cannot love me; all my Estate is yours; I freely give it: so is my heart the dearest faithfull Closet of your Merit. Look not then on me as my Father's daughter, but a poor Maid that lov'd, and was unhappy.

*Sir Char.* Let my arms seize my heart's divinest Joy, or it will break its-Breast to meet the blessing. But think not, dearest, of my life, thy wealth could charge me thus? No, that is far below me; and thou art moulded with so many Vertues; so many splendid Graces shine about thee, that to desert thee, were the worst of follies: besides, whatever thy Father was, thou art for the King, I am sure: Hah, art thou not?

*Phill.* Yes, from my Soul.

*Sir Char.* Then thou art mine for ever. [Embraces her.]

The rest of thy story—I'll hear within, when thou art warmer cloath'd. Come, *Ned*, thou shalt go with us—for I believe there's no getting out for thee to night.

*Heart.* With all my heart, Sir: by this means I shall see my Mistress the sooner. [Aside.]

*Sir Char.* I hope they are all asleep, and have not heard us—Come my bett life.

*Phill.* This was beyond my hopes.——

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.

## The ROYALIST.

## S C E N E.

*A Coffee-house.*

*Either side and several Men sitting smoaking at one Table, and Oldcutt and Jonas seeming to be earnestly in dispute at another, &c.*

*Enter Coppyhold, Slouch in Tamdrey fine Clothes.*

*Copp.* I have often wonder'd how a great many of these Sparks of the Town liv'd so high, and went so fine: but I find now it may be done without a miracle; for if they are owners of a good, tough, durable Conscience, and can but be ingenious, 'tis evident there are such fine toys to be had, as fine Clothes and Money.

*Slouch.* Ay, there are such Toys as Halters to be had too; I wish we are not forc'd to play with them at last.

*Copp.* Halters! ay, prithee keep them to thy self like a shallow brain'd fool as thou art; the word is much too low for my imagination; for I intend to swear on till I am a Person of Quality, and then I know my fate will be different.

*Slouch.* Nay, we are pretty well dip't now; we are over boots, thanks to our Stars, and may as well go forward now as be trapt, and so forc'd to swear back agen. But prithee what were those two that we saw hooted through the streets just now? *Romans* do they call 'em?

*Copp.* *Romans*! no, nor Apostles neither, Fool: Why, what an Ignoramus is this! he has no more wit now in his new Clothes, than he had in his old Gray Jacket that he follow'd the Plough with: They were two men suspected to be Priests, fool; and, faith, deserv'd the disgrace for ordering their business no better; had I been in their cases, I wou'd have got preferment instead of a punishment; I would in a short time have risen to have been a Holy Fryer after the Order of *St. Dominick*.

*Slouch.* And so be Hang'd, Drawn and Quarter'd after the Order of the House of Commons.

*Copp.* Not a word more of Hanging, lest I prophecy on thy Fate.— See, yonders the Captain and the Cabal; let's go and sit down. [*Sit down.*]

*Enter Lieutenant Broom and a Merchant.*

*Coffee-Boy.* Coffee or Tea. Gentlemen, d'ye want any Coffee?

*Broom.* This Coffee-house is the Epitome of Hell, where all sorts of male-contented Fiends are in office. Dost thou see that fellow, *Ned*, there in the Plush-Jacket?

*Merch.* That shakes his Noddle so?

*Broom.* The same; that Rogue was one of the Committee of Abjuration, and without doubt is now speaking Treason to the Rascal that sits over against him.

*Merch.*



*Merch.* For heav'n's sake what's he with the Spectacles?

*Broom.* Why, faith, I think, if it be possible, a worse Villain than t'other. One Sir *Timothy Tiburn*, that had an Estate given him by the last King of sacred Memory, sold it lately to raise Forces to fight against this. Prithee look on 'em; Didst thou ever see such a stigmatiz'd Crew?

*Merch.* 'Tis ever so, your Coffee-house, I have observ'd the Mart of the Mobile, and throng'd by people of all sorts and qualities, where your Mechanick may vent Sedition at an easie rate, and look as big as your Alderman or Grandee.

*Broom.* Let's sit down and observe. [Oldcutt reading the News.

*Old. reading.* Hum; what's here? Order'd that a Bill be brought in for Naturalizing, and this Question be debated, Whether a Presbyterian Dog's Son may not Marry an Independent Bitches Daughter, they being Brother and Sisters Children. Why, what a mad Quære is this—Ha—and here agen. Resolv'd by the Reverend the Judges of the Law, that it shall be present Death for any Phanatick to hang himself.—Tear it, tear it—don't let it be seen.—Tear it, I say.

*Broom.* How, Sir! Five hundred Jesuits do you say?

*Jon.* More, Sir; near Six hundred, with Monks, Secular Priests and others.

*Comit.* And found in a Cave in a Garden at *Lambeth*?

*Jon.* So the Intelligence says, Sir; and you know that can't lye: Besides, upon occasion I can bring those will swear it.

*Slouch.* If he should bring us in agen now for this, 'twere fine.

*Copp.* Peace, Fool: why if he shou'd, we must do't.

*Broom.* Pray, Sir, what is suppos'd to be their design?

*Jon.* Why, Sir, as I am credibly inform'd, their design was to dig a way under the *Thames* to *White-Hall*.

*Broom.* Under the *Thames*, Sir!

*Old.* Ownds, Treason—I smell Powder—A second Powder-Plot—The whole State's in danger. Under the *Thames*! why who the Devil wou'd have thought it had bin possible?

*Com.* This Plot was hatcht in *Rome*, I warrant you.

*Broom.* These are rare Rogues now.

*Merch.* This lye well spread, is enough to raise a Rebellion.

*Broom.* And you say, Sir, there are several will affirm this to be true.

*Jon.* A great many, Sir; go but to *Toby Papsull*, at the Sign of the *Rams-born*, over against the *Pillory* in *Cornbill*, and you have it printed under their hands. Hold, I think I have a List of their Names in my Pocket. Oh here 'tis. [Takes a paper out.

*Old.* Hah, and I profess all worthy Persons—I know 'em intimately. Let me see—here's *Jeremy Rakebell*, Sir *John Bullyrock*, *John Greasy*, and *Sawny Scrubham*; all good men and true.

*Broom.* Who is that *Rakebell*, pray Sir?

*Old.*

*Old.* *Jeremy Rakehell*—why, Sir,—he's a Counsellor at Law.

*Broom.* So.

*Old.* A very ingenious fellow; I faith, and has the best way of forging deeds, and picking up Evidence of any in the Inns of Courts.—Oh, the *Rakebells* were all great Lawyers, and ever strong supporters of our Cause.

*Broom.* I believe no less, Sir. But, Sir *John Bullyrock*, what's he?

*Old.* He; why he's a pushing Captain, that will fight any thing under the Sun upon any Cause, without fear, wit, conscience or honesty. *Oliver* Knighted him for breaking his head at a Match at Foot-ball.

*Jon.* The *Bullyrocks* were ever brave fellows: the Protector himself was a *Bullyrock* by the Mothers side.

*Broom.* Ay, and a Villain by the Fathers.—Well, Sir, the next.—What's that *John Greazy*?

*Old.* *John Greazy*; why, faith, a notable fellow too. A Tallow-Chandler, that formerly kept a Melting-house, next door to Doctor *Cluttergoods*, the great Orthodox Minister, and politickly plac'd there by our party with design to stink the Doctor out of the Parish.

*Broom.* A very excellent design, I faith, Sir.

*Merch.* Yes, and deserves only hanging: But who's this last, *Sawny Scrubham*? that's a name I never yet heard of.

*Old.* Why, Sir, he's a red-hair'd *Scotchman*, that will engage upon his honour to give the Itch to a whole Army; and to that degree, that in a short time they shall scratch themselves to Death: A very necessary fellow, faith, and will be employ'd suddenly upon a great design.

*Jon.* He will so.

*Broom.* Ha, ha, ha; the Rascals make me laugh at what I hate.

*Either side and a Tailer at another Table, quarrelling about State-politics.*

*Eith.* Sir, you are an impertinent fellow to pretend to talk about State-affairs.

*Tail.* Come, come, Sir, I know what I say, and will maintain it.

*Eith.* You pretend to talk of Chronology, and of Genealogy, of the policies of Princes, and of the King of *France*. Come, what is the King of *France*? whose Son was he?

*Tail.* The Son of his Father, Sir, otherwise call'd *Lewis* the 13th, and Grandchild of *Henry Bourbon*, surnamed the Great: He's one that keeps a standing Army of a 100000 Men; and I suppose will firk us, if we have not more care.

*Eith.* He firk us, 'Gad we have 400 Men in little *England*, that will snap him up as a Crow does an Oyster.

*Tail.* They must open their Purse a little more then.

*Eith.* Sir, the Land is rich, and flourishes in security, and that 'tis good policy to keep a standing Army—I say 'tis nonsense.

*Tail.* Ask



*Tail.* Ask the Protector that, and hear what he says: Ah, wou'd I might advise.

*Eith.* You advise! why, what are you, Sir, if you go to that, that you wou'd advise?

*Tail.* Sir, I am a Man as well as you, though my Profession be but mean.

*Eith.* Why, what's your Profession, Sir?

*Tail.* What I am not ashamed of, Sir: I am a Womans Tailer, Sir.

*Eith.* A Tailer, Sir, and talk of Politicks! 'Gad thou deserv'st to be run through the Guts with thy own Bodkin. A Tailer! Sirrah, mind your business, and Pad my crooked Ladies Gown on the right side, that her Bunch may not be seen—But never exercise your Needle in stitching the Commonwealth, you Rascal.

*Tail.* Sir, this place is free for any one, and I'll have my penyworth of Politicks as well as the best of you. I know no reason why a Tailer shou'd not have the privilege to talk Treason as well as a Knight.

*Eith.* Sirrah, I am a Justice of Peace, and a Counsellor at Law; and you are an Impudent fellow to contend with a man of my Honour and Authority.

*Tail.* Sir, I have bin Scavenger, and am now a Constable, and care not this for your Honour and Authority.

*Eith.* Sirrah, I will chastise thee with this Mug.

*Tail.* If you do, I shall shew you *Moorfields* play.

*Eith.* How, Sirrah; Fly that.

[Fight here.

*Broom.* Hold, Valiant Knight and Tailer, cool your Choller: No bloodshed, I beseech you; I'm come to qualifie the business and divert you: I'll shew you a new Satyr.

*Eith.* A Lowzy shred, an empty Pin-cushion and affront me: 'Gad I'd have eaten the Rogue up, but that I was afraid his Thimble and Sheers wou'd stick in's Throat.

*Broom.* No more, Sir, I beseech you; he's penitent; and pray have patience and hear this; 'tis a new Song, was given me this morning—I'll Sing it you——

*Old.* Well, come, prithee let's hear it.——

S O N G.

Now, now the Tories all must droop,  
Religion and the Laws,  
And Whiggs of Commonwealth get up  
To Tap the Good Old Cause:  
Tantivy-Boys must all go down,  
And baughty Monarchy;  
The Leather Cap must brave the Crown,  
And Hey then up go We.

# The ROYALIST.

## II.

The Name of Lord shall be Abhorr'd,  
For every Man's a Brother;  
What Reason then in Church or State  
One Man should Rule another?  
When we have Pill'd and Plunder'd all,  
And Levell'd each Degree,  
Wee'l make their plump young Daughters fall,  
And Hey then up go We.

## III.

Wee'l down with all the Universities,  
Where Learning is profest,  
Because they Practise and Maintain  
The Language of the Beast:  
Wee'l Exercise within the Groves,  
And Teach beneath a Tree;  
Wee'l make a Pulpit of a Cask,  
And Hey then up go We.

## IV.

What tho' the King and Parliament  
Do not accord together,  
We have most cause to be content;  
This is our Sun-shine weather;  
For if good Reason should take place,  
And they should once agree,  
Drowns who'd be in a Round-head's Case,  
For Hey then up go We.

## V.

Wee'l break the Windows which the Whore  
Of Babylon has Painted;  
And when the Bishops are run down,  
Our Deacons shall be Sainted.  
Thus having quite Enslav'd the Town,  
Pretending 'tis too free;  
At last the Gallows claims her own,  
And Hey then up go We.

Broom. Ha, what think you?

Jon. That you shall be beaten abundantly: Down with him, friends.

Broom. There goes more to the beating a Soldier than you imagine—

Have at you.

[All draw and fight off.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.



ACT. V. SCENE I.

An Orchard.

*Enter Sir Charles K. Heartall, Phillipa.*

*Sir Char.* **N**OW all my Joys are Crown'd, and nothing but the Bond, the sacred Bond of Marriage can have power to make addition to my Blessings; which shall be done, and suddenly.

*Pbill.* When you please, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Three days shall be the utmost time; till when, Madam, let me desire you to keep this garb, and not discover your self to any one, till what I have design'd comes to perfection.—I have had secret Intelligence of this perjur'd Rascal, this Villain that swore the Rape against thee, and intend now to expose him.

*Hear.* That was a precious Rogue.

*Sir Char.* I have bin with Council about it, and will by Proxy get him apprehended; till when, my dear, let no one know your sex or quality, lest it should prevent proceedings.

*Pbill.* I am forewarn'd, Sir, and will in every thing obey you.

*Sir Char.* Thou kindest, dearest of thy sex—how am I bound to thee! thou, that like the Darling Genius of the Heav'ns, consign'd by Divine Power to reward Vertue too generously, hast repaid Ingratitude with heaps of dazzling Gold, and much more dazzling Beauty.

*Hear.* Forty thousand pound and a pretty Lady: 'Gad 'twould make me distracted—I should do nothing all day long, but tell my money, and kiss my wife, and then be most insufferable insolent: but what would make another man proud, I find makes you ashamed; which, faith, I think is the meaner folly of the two, though it be more gratefull.

*Sir Char.* However, of the two evils, I'm sure 'tis the best, though, I confess, *Ned*, very unfit for thy constitution; for thou, like a factious Statesman, would'it be no more contented with a mean folly, than with a mean estate; so that the consequence might be dang'rous, therefore 'tis high time for thee to grow wise. But who comes here?

*Enter Broom.*

What, my man of mickle might! 'Tis Spring always when Nightingales appear. How dost thou, Lieutenant?

*Broom.* Noble Colonel, much the better to see you well; why, faith, I have bin scowring your Coffee-house yonder; I have chastiz'd some of the factious Rogues for you—

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Heart.* And prithee in what old stump or hollow Tree? hast thou liv'd like a Cuckow since we parted—hah.

*Sir Char.* What news from our great Master and the Royal Party?

*Broom.* The good news I hear is, that the Protector lyes a dying.

*Sir Char.* 'Twould be better news if he were hang'd.

*Broom.* And we are all in hopes to see good days agen; my ill news is, that the King wanting a Hundred thousand pounds, can by his Loyal Party be supply'd but with Fourscore; so that he is in extream distress for the other Twenty to dispatch an extraordinary affair. Ah, Colonel, did you flourish as formerly? I know you would be the first to offer this.

*Sir Char.* So will I now the first. And thus low bend my knee—with thanks to the Divine Powers for giving me ability. Now my best Love, show thy self all Divine; show the sordid World how thy Celestial soul surmounts 'em in an unequall'd Generosity; thou freely gav'st me Wealth, give me then leave as freely to dispose it to this great advantage, and lay it at my gracious Monarch's feet.—Doe this, and with a noble freedom doe it; and all the dearest motions of my soul are thine eternally, as firm and constant as the Centre is to the Earth, or the Sun to Heav'n.

*Phill.* Sir, I have done it already; and now I hope you'll think me a Royalist.

*Sir Char.* Hast thou? that was an Angel's voice, and Millions of Blessings Crown thee for the Deed. Oh my best Love, how can I e're requite thee?

*Phill.* I heard the news yesterday, and did it with the greatest haste and secrecy imaginable.

[*Ex. Phill. and Broom.*]

*Sir Char.* A thousand thanks to the most gen'rous of her sex: And once more humbly thus I thank the Heav'ns for giving me this means to serve my Prince. Oh, did he want as many drops of blood from the dear Centre of my life, my heart, as he does pounds from my now happy store, should it not freely bleed? Strong in my zeal beyond Mortality, with my own hands I'd crush the trembling Lump, untill the Noble Loyal Debt was paid.

*Heart.* But hark you, friend, laying these whimsical Transports aside; Are you mad? what security do you expect for this money?

*Sir Char.* None, Sir, nor desire it: The Honour I shall gain outweighs all Interest.—

*Heart.* Ay, and yet this is so damn'd an Age, that there's very few are ambitious of that honour.

*Sir Char.* Security: Wer't thou not a Fool, whom I sometimes call my Friend—I would quarrel with thee for that question. Why thou moderate



rate Coxcomb, thou Time-server, would'st thou have me deal with my King as with a Scrivener, or change the Royal favour of his Countenance for a bargain and sale like a *Plebeian*? No, 'tis my glory; I am a friend to the Nation, in being so to him; Who loves the King, must love his Honour, Grandeur and Prerogative: His Regal State, which Money must support.—— 'Tis the Nation's Honour and Magnificence, a noble and becoming Royalty: And he that dares be so, abhor'd a thing so wretched, lost in all discerning eyes to see his Monarch want in such a juncture, such a time as this; yet be so basely poor, to hoard up Wealth: His very Soul is dirt, and should be swept hence with the Common Rubbish of the World.

*Heart.* But 'tis fit the Subject be repaid, Colonel.

*Sir Char.* A Loyal Subject thinks himself repaid  
By purchasing his Country Peace and Honour;  
The only just return a King shou'd make,  
Who cannot pay each Subject as he would:  
The zealous Ancients sacrific'd to Heav'n,  
Rais'd Altars, built rich Temples to the Deity;  
Yet who e're knew the Sacred Pow'r return  
One Penny back, but only in effects,  
In show'ring gratefull blessings for their Zeal;  
And so the King does daily pay his People.

*Heart.* To you now this is plain; but there are a sort of men in this Age, that say they can see better.

*Sir Char.* They lye——

Your factious busie Coxcombs never see;  
Their treacherous fear still makes the object double:  
Double their meanings are; their Actions double;  
And more than ten times double their false Hearts:  
These are the Rogues that look on Government  
With as false eyes as thoughts; and gape for Rebellion  
As stranded Fishes the return o'th' Wave,  
That wafts 'em back to their own Element.

*Heart.* This plain dealing will hardly get your estate again, *Sir Charles*; and for my part, I should be very loth to see such honesty as yours ill rewarded.

*Sir Char.* Honesty, *Ned*, in this Age, is a very scarce commodity, because 'tis woven with Loyalty, and true Loyalty expects no reward; for that,

*Like Charity to the Poor,*  
*Is repaid from th' Eternal Store.*

*Heart.* I think so, for the Devil a penny it will have from Earthy Coffers as times go.

*Sir Char.* Yet that I have a little Honesty:  
I know, because I ever hated Flattery;

I cannot

I cannot bow the supple head and knee  
 To an unthinking heap of Wealth and Honour;  
 Nor tell the gaudy Rebel he does politickly,  
 To side with th' Factionous City 'gainst the King.  
 I cannot Count'nance a wrong Title to be prefer'd.  
 Nor shake my head, nor rail at the ill Times,  
 When I am Conscious, I am one that makes 'em so.  
 I cannot Lye for Honour, Pimp for Profit,  
 Plot for Salvation, nor Preach up Commonwealths;  
 And therefore in my Conscience I am honest.

*Heart.* Faith—I believe it; and what e're I have said, was only to extract this Quintessence; this brave opinion from you. And so dear Colonel, your humble Servant; I have a little business, and must beg your pardon.

*Sir Char.* Your time's your own, Sir.

*Heart.* Now to *Aurelia*—I hope by this she's marry'd. [Exit.

*Sir Char.* I am very glad he's gone, for he might else have hindred my assignation with *Camilla*, who appointed me here in this Orchard to come and take my second revenge upon her Husband, which is to kiss and embrace her before his face: The Scene must needs be pleasant, and therefore I'll not miss it: I think 'tis now the time; and see the punctual fair one comes just to my wish.

Enter *Camilla*, *Dash* and *Crape*.

*Cam.* Well, Sir, I have bin plotting for you; and though 'tis a difficult business, yet to me you shall find all things are easie.

*Sir Char.* If all things are so easie as you say, Madam, you may oblige me, and change this for another favour that I shall name; Faith 'twill be all one now your hand is in.

*Cam.* No, Sir, you are so dang'rous in your proposals, that I'll stick to my first Injunction: Therefore begon to your Post behind yon bush—lest he come and surprize you.

*Sir Char.* If he does, hee'll only think I came to rob the Orchard.—

*Cam.* Hee'll make a shift to guess another sort of Felony.

*Sir Char.* What's the Sign?

*Cam.* This.

[Shakes her Handkerchief.

*Sir Char.* And then invade the Province— [Ex. behind.

*Cam.* *Dash*,—you are sure you have your lesson right?

*Dash.* As you could wish, I beseech you, doubt me not.

*Cam.* There's your reward—Be ready then, I think I hear him coming—

Enter *Sir Oliver*.

*Dash*—

*Dash.* So please your Honour—I attend.

*Cam.* Get



Cam. Get up into this Tree, and fetch me some of those Pears.

[Dash gets up into the Tree.

Old. Oh, Soul! here has bin plaguety news within; damnable stratagems since you left us; my damn'd Captain *Jonas* has bin found by the Constable and Officers in bed with a Whore; and what's more strange, is accus'd and apprehended for hiring a fellow to murder me—Bless us, who would have thought a fellow should smile in one's face, yet have such a Villainous design—Gad I always took him to be as honest as the best of us—

Cam. And I too I assure you, Sir: But pray who has accus'd him?

Old. Counsellor *Quibble*, I hear, and some others that have found out his haunts: there's a whole Nest of 'em discover'd, and they are now Examining before the Committee.

Dash in the Tree. } Fy, fy, Madam, what, this Indecency in an open Orchard?  
Sir *Oliver*; Master—Madam I say, for shame expose not your selves thus in open view; have but patience till I can get down, and I'll retire and leave you alone.

Old. Leave us alone! what a Devil does the fellow mean?

Cam. He's bewitcht I believe.

Dash. What, not yet? why, Sir *Oliver*? Madam, the Servants will come and ketch you—Fy, 'tis a shame such things as these should be done so publickly.

Old. What things, Dunce! what things! the Devil's in the fellow, sure.

Cam. And his Dam too, I think.

Dash. No Shame, no Decorum, no Modesty—Well, I am resolv'd I'll be no witness of this Slander to the Brethren; I'll leave you to your selves, and then doe what you will—Hah—bless me, what's the matter?

Old. What, art thou mad? what modesty? what Decorum should be us'd more than there is? hah?

Cam. Or what have we done that is a Slander to the Brethren?

Dash. What delusions have infatuated me? I do profess, if they be true, and you have continued in this posture: The Pear-tree is enchanted.

Old. What, the Pear-tree enchanted?

Cam. I confess I have heard so, but never could give credit to't.

Dash. While I remain'd above, it seem'd to me that there was Carnal Copulation acted; and that now, Sir *Oliver*; and then another shape embrac'd you by turns in such immodest manner, as forc'd my Integrity to exclaim against.

Old. This is strange; my Pear-tree enchanted, and I never heard of it before—Come, get me a Ladder, I'll see what Demon of the Dark inhabits there. This must be some Lignorish Devil that loves fruit; and I'll Conjure him I warrant you. Come, bring the Ladder, I say, I'll try what Miracles are here.

[Dash brings a Ladder; he gets up.

Cam. Take

*Cam.* Take away the Ladder now, *Dash*, whilst I give the sign——

*[He take the Ladder, and she waves her Handkerch.]*

*Old.* Carnal Copulation! I'd fain see e're a Devil of 'em all pretend Copulation with my Wife——hah.

*Enter Sir Charles, who runs and embraces her.*

Now, who's that? 'dsheart the Colonel, and Kissing her, and the Clasp'ing him——Why, Villain, Traytor, why Wife, Strumpet, you leud Buttock, you. What, this before my face?

*Cam.* Alas, Sir, you rail in vain; you know the Pear-tree is enchanted.

*Old.* A pox upon you, what still cling'd? still lockt together? why Colonel, Goat, Stallion, how eagerly the strong-backt Dog gripes her? Why you Jade you; no shame! no continency! Bring me the Ladder, *Dash*——Pimp, Rogue, bring the Ladder, I say——How now, Sirrah; what, must you have a touch too? Here's rare Rampant-doings; but I'll be with you presently. *[Kingl. leaves her, and Dash steps in and kisses her hand.]*

*Sir Char.* This is such a Master-piece of Wit, that I shall for ever admire thee for.

*Cam.* Go——go in now, and leave the rest to me; but be ready half an hour hence for the third and last experiment.

*Sir Char.* I'll not lose the pleasure on't for a Million. *[Exit.]*

*Old.* gets down as far as he can, and tumbles down the rest.

*Dash.* An t' please your Honour, I was just bringing the Ladder.

*[Old. rushes on him, throws him down.]*  
I profess that was very unchristian-like done.

*Old.* Where? where is this Monster? This Stallion, *Kinglove*, ha——I'll firk him, faith.

*Cam.* *Kinglove*, what d'ye mean, Sir? are you mad?

*Old.* No Strumpet, no Buttock, no.

*Cam.* I say you are, if you talk of *Kinglove's* being here, where no living creature has bin but *David* there and I.

*Old.* O Lord, O Lord; why wilt thou? canst thou, darst thou affirm this to my face? hah? Oh thou incomprehensible——

*Cam.* To your face I yes, and prove it too: Were you not told before, that the Devil was in the Pear-tree? But I'll be slander'd no more about it, for I'll have it instantly sell'd, if I live.

*Old.* No, Gentlewoman, the Devil was under the Pear-tree, not in it; what, shall I not believe my eyes? was not *Kinglove* here? did not I see him?

*Cam.* How, dear Sir *Oliver*? what believe your eyes?  
Before the Wife that in your bosom lyes?

*Dash.* On



*Dash.* On my Integrity here has bin no one but her Honour and my self.

*Old.* Your integrity, Rogue! why Sirrah, did not you too come in for a snack? did not I see you kifs and gripe her by the hand—you letcherous Dog?

*Dash.* O Lord, Sir; Alas, Sir,—I profess I have not touched any part of Womans flesh this seven years.

*Old.* Why then the Devil is there indeed; and I was enchanted too; for I'll be sworn, I think I saw all this; I'll vow, I think I saw kissing, and fumbling, and towzing, and rowzing; but if I am mistaken, I beg your pardon: but the Devil's in the Pear-tree; and as thou say'st, Soul, I'll have it fell'd immediately.

*Cam.* But could you think I could be so wanton, and to *Kinglove* too above all men?

*Old.* Ay, to him too, above all men. No, no, I see I must be mistaken.

*Cam.* He that you shall now know, I have most occasion to hate; for no longer than this morning I receiv'd a Letter from him.

*Old.* A Letter! rare stuff in't I warrant.

*Cam.* Oh, most delicious Lines; which I committed to the fire as soon as read. But the insolent Contents were, He desir'd me in Recompence of the injuries you had done him, to contrive, that by the way of frolick he might have three fillups at your Nose.

*Old.* An Impudent Dog, three fillups at my Nose!

*Cam.* Ay, and this I was to contrive by a Trick; but that you now may see the unalter'd Candor of your Wife, and know the value of the Jewel you possess; take but my counsel, and wee'l turn this frolick of his a better way.

*Old.* With all my heart, faith: A Son of a Whore, three fillups at my Nose! Come, let's about it, I'll take thy counsel to a scruple: A Dog, three fillups at my Nose! [Exeunt.]

*Dash.* I have long attended the zealous, but have grown poor upon't; but truly do now intend, instead of Preaching, to follow Pimping. I plainly perceive it is the more thriving profession. [Shakes his money & Exit.]

Enter Eitherfide and Aurelia.

*Either.* Now dearest Madam, I may boldly call you mine, since Marriage hath confirm'd it: Oh that the night were come, that I might take possession.

*Aur.* Not to night, let me beg you, Sir: Come, you must deny me nothing, therefore give my modesty this satisfaction: To morrow use your pleasure, because I would not have my Uncle know of our Marriage yet--- Take this Key of my Chamber, and be sure to come as private as you can: But not to night, Sir *Paul*, if you love me.

*Either.* Oh, Madam, I am impatient; I rage; I am as wild as an inclos'd Stag in rutting-time. But come, since you will have it so, I'll try

try what I can do, and pass this night away with dreaming of to morrow.

*Aur.* Do, and I will of you too, and lie and hug my Pillow as if it were my Husband.

*Either.* Poor heart! Well, till then farewell. To pass away the time, I'll go and see that Rascal *Jonas*, who I hear is accus'd for Perjury.

*Aur.* So great a Villain could expect no less. Well, adieu.

Be you but kind, and I will still be true.

[*Exit.*

*Either.* Ay, go, poor innocent Fool, and I'll be with thee by and by for all this; for I can no more have patience to lye alone, and gnaw the sheets to night, than a young Wife can the next Month after her lying in: This key she lays opens her Chamber. Silly Rogue, to design to lye alone, and yet give me the key to come to her: But I know she only deny'd, because she was ashamed to consent so soon; and now I have this key.—I'll surprize her; steal into bed, and give satisfaction to her modesty the right way.——

[*Exit.*

*Enter two or three Committee-men, Constable and Rabble, bringing in Jonas, Cobbyhold, Slouch and Phebe as to Tryal.*

*Const.* Make room: Keep off there: Clear the way.

*1 Commit.* Officer, look to your Prisoner; he's accus'd of several notorious Crimes, therefore take care of him.

*Slouch.* This is your way of thriving with a pox t'ye, is it? Ah, would my hands were at liberty that I might batter thee a little.

*Cop.* Peace, incorrigible Ass, I have known others thrive by it, and so might I—had I not coupled with such a Hound as thou: But the ill Weeds ever spoil the good Corn; and when the Eagle condescends to mix with Crows and Daws, Ruine is inevitable, and Desolation is near.

*Enter Either side.*

*Jon.* If you confess any thing, you are damn'd: Therefore take care, remember you have taken an Oath.

*Eith.* A precious Rogue—He little thinks I hear him now.

*Slouch.* I care not; you made me take it against my Conscience, and therefore for my part I'll confess all.

*Cop.* We are not the first that have broke an Oath upon a good account; therefore hold your self contented.

*1 Commit.* Take away those Fellows, and that Woman, and let 'em be all Whipt soundly: Away with 'em.

*Slouch.* So, what think you of Swearing now, Rogue, hah?

*Cop.* E'en as well as thou think'st of hanging; which I hope will befall thee ere long for presuming to keep me company; for on my Conscience 'tis that Villainous look of thine hath brought me to this: I am sure I was design'd by Nature for better Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

*1 Commit.*



*1 Commit.* Come, Captain, discharge your Conscience of this great weight. Confess.

*Either.* Ay, Captain; Come, confess; are not you a Rascal as one may say?

*Jon.* Sir, no man can boast of good Principles; therefore every man's a Rascal, and you consequently as well as my self.

*Either.* But I am not such a Rascal to hire people to swear a Rape against a Gentleman, that in my Conscience I knew to be innocent: I am not such a Rascal good *Domine Jonns.*

*Jon.* But you are such a Rascal to take Bribes on both sides, and especially against the Gentleman you knew to be so innocent: You are such a Rascal, good Justice *Either*side.

*Eith.* A Damn'd cunning Dog this is: but hang't, nothing he says will be believ'd now; therefore—I am secure enough. [*Afide.*]

*1 Commit.* However, Captain, you cannot deny but you were found in bed with a Whore: you know this is positively sworn against you.

*Jon.* Heav'n forgive 'em for't; I wish my Innocence be no plague hereafter to their Consciences: 'Tis true (Lodging in the house) I might give the young Woman an Exhortation or so.

*Either.* A pox o' your Exhortations; they are very feeling ones to that sex.

*1 Commit.* Nor you never sought to corrupt Sir Charles when he was confin'd, nor these two Fellows and the Girl, and afterwards hired 'em to swear notorious Crimes against the other Witnesses to invalidate their Evidence against you: Nor you never gave 'em the Sacrament in Lambs-Wool and Plumb-Cake to be secret, did you?

*Jon.* Not I, Sir.

*1 Commit.* Make way there: Officer, take care of your Prisoner.

*Jon.* Well, I thank Heav'n, I obey cheerfully; and will only speak one word before I go, that I may be charitable: Therefore good people, what ever you think of me, I believe you to be good people; very good people; as good Subjects; as true to th' King and Kingly Prerogative; as unwilling to Rebell and Mutiny; and as heartily Conscientious in your dealings as my self. And so farewell t'ye. [*Shout.* [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E.

Aurelia's Chamber.

*Enter Either*side softly.

*Either.* I have gone through all the Rooms, and found not so much as a Cat-stirring; so that I need not fear being discover'd—Ugh, ugh, she's gone to bed already I see.—She was resolv'd to make a long lone night on't since 'twas to be her last, for I think 'tis hardly Sun set. Come

now, I'll softly pull off my Clothes—steal in to her, and get her fast in my arms before she wakes—Let's see which side does she lye on. [*Peeps in.* Oh, the Devil, what's here? two Heads in the Bed, and one of 'em a man's head with a Cap on? Oh Jilt, Whore, Traitors—Is this her modesty, with a pox to her? Ay, 'tis so; here are a pair of Breeches too. 'Sds life I'll kill 'em both. But hold there, I shall injure my self: A pox on 'em, the Devils sleep as if they had bin doing no harm in 'em at all; but I suppose they have taken a receipt for sleep. Well, I'll instantly fetch the Constable and seize 'em: get her portion by Law, then turn her out of doors to her Rascal—whose Breeches here I seize to disable him from denying it, and which I will show to all her friends as the leud Trophies of her dishonour. [*Ex. with the Breeches.*

*Enter Oldcutt and Camilla.*

*Cam.* Come, Sir, sit down here, and counterfeit your self asleep; and if he gives you a slight blow or two, have patience, and bear it, that you may have some time to hear his insolent talk.

*Old.* Is the Rascal come then?

*Cam.* He's hid in the Alcove in the next room: Sit still, and I'll go fetch him; it may be to humour the Jest, I may at first say as he does, and rail at you, but have patience and wink till I give the sign, and then wee'll hamper him. [*Exit.*

*Old.* A plaguey cunning Baggage this; I have suspected her ever since the business of the Pear-tree; but now I'll watch her narrowly; I am resolv'd she shall put no trick upon me now, though the Devil himself give her assistance. Here they come.

*Enter Sir Charles and Camilla.*

*Sir Char.* This is a tryal of thy Wit indeed, for I thought the business almost impossible.

*Cam.* Oh, Sir, there's few of you Men know how far a Womans Wit extends. See, yonder he sits—

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha, ha,—I shall never contain my self, I must laugh.

*Cam.* You may, and speak any thing. Come, let's go to him—you shall hear me begin—who could endure, Sir, to lye by such a Lump as this? such a heavy, dull, insipid Animal, one that's as old at Forty, as another man at Fourscore—One that has the unnatural Gout perpetually, and had a Breath would have bred the Plague, had I not pull'd out two of his Teeth t'other day.

*Old.* Ay, a pox take you for't, I say— [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* Ha, ha, ha, an over-worn decrepid Rascal, that I believe has not bin a man this 20 years.

*Cam.* Heav'n knows whether he has or no; I am sure he would never let me know it.

*Old.* Very



*Old.* Very well, Buttock, very well.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* But as a Revenge for some certain wrongs lately done me, take, Sir, this swinging blow o'th' face——

[*Strikes him.*

And, Madam, to compleat it, take you this Kiss : The truest Friend of Love.

*Old.* So, so, so ——

*Cam.* And not to be behind hand, Sir, take that from me. [*She strikes him.*

*Old.* From her too ? Very good.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* And that and that——and that for a farewell, my good state Caterpillar——Ha, ha, ha. So now I think 'tis time to go, lest he grow out of patience and hinder me.

[*Aside.*

*Cam.* He dares not look up till I give the sign ; till then we are secure.

*Old.* The Jade designs to get him away, I see by their standing so near the door,——But I'll prevent it——

[*Rises up and goes behind Kinglove.*

*Sir Char.* This dear embrace then, and so adieu.

*Whilst Kinglove embraces her, Oldcutt takes off his Girdle and Buckles 'em both in.*

For though thou hast perform'd thy difficult promise, and therein shown thy true and passionate Love ; yet such is my hard fortune, that being now oblig'd by the rigorous Laws of gratitude and honour, I never must agen perform this kindness.

*Old.* O yes, yes ; many, many times embrace your fill : I think you are close enough now.

*Sir Char.* Hah——Hell and the Devil, what's this ?

*Old.* Hey, who's within there ? Call all my Servants, my Coachman, Footman, and Groom and my Gardiner, Cook, Postilion and Butler. Carry the news about the Town, that I, Mr. Chairman, am a Cuckold ; A Cuckold, a notorious Cuckold.

*Enter Either side with the Breeches mounted on a Staff, Heartall in a Gown, Aurelia, Dash, Constable and Officers.*

*Either.* A Cuckold, a Cuckold ; who dares talk of a Cuckold before my face, that am Commander in chief ? Witness my Standard here : I am the head of the horned Flock, and bear the Bell before all the Cuckolds in the Town.

*Old.* What, more Roguery still ? How now, Sir Paul, what's the matter, Sir Paul ? 'Tis the very Eclipse of the Moon sure ? And there's a General Cuckoldom in nature.

[*Dash unbinds Kinglove.*

*Eith.* Why you must know, Sir, that being led by an oblique, or rather inevitable destiny to perpetrate Acts of Ignominy to my self : I chanc'd to Correspond, Convene or enter into a League of Conjugal Quality with your Neice *Aurelia* there. But a pox on Tropes and Figures in such a Cause as this : In short, Sir, I have this afternoon marry'd her ; am already abus'd, and a Cuckold in Folio.

*Old.*

*Old.* Give me thy hand: not a word more on't: 'Tis the fashion I am a Cuckold too.

*Heart.* What I have done, Sir, the Law shall answer; I hope, Sir, you'll require no other satisfaction.

*Eith.* No, Sir, no, I know you are for tilting; but I know a better way than so, I thank you; I'll bring *Cook* and *Littleton* to Fence with you, Sir; I'll firke you like a Tory as you are.

*Aur.* For my part I'll shut my self into my Closet, and never see the Face of man agen. [Ex. *Aur.*

*Eith.* Ay, you may go, Madam: But as for your Money—I'll take care of that: *Sir Oliver*, I hope you'll see this 5000 *l.* paid.

*Old.* Five thousand pound! for what, Boy?

*Eith.* For what? for your Neice's portion: Nay, 'Gad the Law shall firke you too, if you grow refractory.

*Old.* Sir, she is not worth five groats; I have kept her this seven year upon Charity: And now I think on't, there's a hundred pound due to me for Dyet and Necessaries. This must be paid, Sir, or the Law shall firke you if you go to that.

*Eith.* Well, I see 'tis in vain to resist ill luck: The Devil did owe me an ill turn, and he has paid it me with a vengeance: Therefore honest *Sir Paul*, you must have patience, and bear your afflictions like a man.

*Old.* For you, Madam, you must e'en be sent packing after your Neice, and, Officers, seize on that Russian there: I'll teach you, Sir, to make a Cuckold of a Politician. [They seize him.

*Cam.* You cannot send me into worse company than your own, where ever it is.

*Sir Char.* Sir, your Malice to me is as ridiculous as your Jest: But for her sake I'll give you the satisfaction, to tell you, that upon my Honour, and by all that's Sacred, she's truly vertuous, though I would have reveng'd my self upon thee, I must confess; for I did design to get a Royalist upon thy Wife, that should have liv'd to pull thee by the Nose.

*Old.* Very well, Tory, very well: Hold him fast, Officers.

*Enter Captain and Phillipa.*

*Cap.* Officers, I Command you in the Protector's Name to discharge him. *Sir Oliver*, you are hereby also Commanded to re-deliver to this Noble Gentleman all his Sequestred Lands. [A Warrant.

And further, Sir, the Protector bid me tell you he had heard so large a Character of your Fidelity and Vertue, that he would at any rate buy your Friendship.

*Sir Char.* Sir, for my Estate I thank him: but for my Service and Loyal Allegiance, they are Sacred to my Prince, and shall continue so.

*Capt.* Bravely resolv'd, Sir, though I could wish you of our side.

*Old.* Now I am resolv'd to hang my self; for I'd as leive lose my life as my estate: A pox on Power, I say: A man can never thrive in an Age where



where there is another Rogue that's of greater Quality than himself.

*Sir Char.* And now my fairest Love, wee'l both be happy.

*Phill.* Dye not forget me then?

*Sir Char.* Believe I never can: See, Gentlemen, another wonder here this suppos'd youth. Companion of my Troubles, he that was charg'd by Villains for committing a Rape, is a Woman.

*Omnes.* 'Tis wonderfull!

*Sir Char.* And shall within these few hours be my Wife—hah.

*Enter Broom.*

Lieutenant, thou art come happily to be a Guest too; hast thou heard the News? My Estate is surrendred back, and all's as well as ever.

*Broom.* The Protector's very sick, and I suppose has done you this good office, only as a greater help to his Salvation. Besides, there's a great Rumour that the times will change.

*Sir Char.* Let 'em: They are not then like me.  
That like a Rock have stood the Storms of State,  
As well as Calms, and yet would never change.  
My Actions still in this Plebeian Age,  
Grounded on Justice, Honesty and Honour,  
Shall teach the Erring Natives to be Loyal:  
My Tongue ne'r rail at Governments or Laws,  
Nor my Sword wound but in the Royal Cause.  
T' obey my Prince shall be my greatest Care,  
Whom Heav'n preserve secure as Angels are;  
And to summ up all Blessings in a Pray'r,  
Good Heav'n, that dost the Fate of Kings foresee,  
Save and defend Great England's Monarchy.

*Ex. Omnes.*

# THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. UNDERHILL.

**W***Hat in my face cou'd this strange Scribler see,  
(Uds Heart) to make an Evidence of me?  
That never cou'd agree with Ignoramus,  
But for a Tender Conscience have been famous.  
For who are these among you here that have  
Not in your Rambles heard of Tory Cave;  
That rores in Coffee-house, and wasts his Wealth,  
Topping the Gentleman in Scotland's Health.  
This part should have been given some hardy Fool,  
That had more sense for Int'rest than his Soul.  
I never had the knack of Truth-denying,  
Loving Sedition, Loyalty defying;  
Nor could I take Ten Pound a week for Lying. }  
But since 'tis so, I must intreat the pity  
Of you our (never-failing) Friends i'th' City.  
For though I was not e're brought up to th' Trade,  
Like Setting-Dog I may with Art be made.  
In time such wholesome Documents receive:  
Uds Zooks, who knows but I may stand for Shrieve?  
And faith, that thought hath rowz'd up my ambition:  
Well, Sirs, give me but House-room, and Provision;  
Cry up the Play, and always let me find  
My Benefactors Bountifull and Kind;  
Then, if you want a Swinger at a word,  
'Zounds I'll swear for you through a two-inch-Board.*

F I N I S.



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